

THE
REPOSITORY:

A SELECT COLLECTION
OF
FUGITIVE PIECES
OF
WIT AND HUMOUR,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS.

THE THIRD EDITION,
WITH ADDITIONS.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. DILLY, in the POULTRY.

M.DCC.XC.



P R E F A C E.

IT is the observation of an excellent Writer *, “ That there is no nation “ in which it is so necessary as in our “ own to assemble from time to time the “ small tracts and fugitive pieces which “ are occasionally published.” And this remark is fully justified by the number and success of the several Collections which have been from time to time presented to the Publick.

In no species of Literature have our Countrymen more excelled than in the

* Dr. Samuel Johnson,

extensive

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extensive walks of Wit and Humour. To assert that in these particulars we surpass the Literati of foreign nations, would be to echo the voice of those nations themselves, which appear to allow our superiority therein; a superiority the more incontestable, as it is submitted to by persons jealous of, and unwilling to acknowledge, the pre-eminence of English Literature, where there is the least room to dispute it.

Amongst the various Publications of fugitive pieces which have yet appeared, not one has been particularly appropriated to the preservation of pieces of Wit and Humour. These have either been left to perish in neglect; or have been inserted in Collections, the bulk of which consisted of performances of a different nature, or in others where they must necessarily be lost to the world from the dulness and insipidity of the remainder
of

P R E F A C E. vii

of the volumes in which they may be said to have been buried.

From a reflection on the want of a Repository like the present, the Editor was induced to enquire after such Performances not hitherto hacknied in other Miscellanies, which had been published during the last thirty years. Out of these he has formed the following Work; which, whatever favour it may be entitled to in other respects, will at least have the merit of not being compiled from any Collections of the like kind. The Reader will find, except in one or two instances where it could not properly be avoided, no piece inserted therein which is to be read elsewhere; and, if the judgement of persons to whose opinions great deference is due may be relied on, no performance but what is entitled, on account of its excellence,

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lence, to be preserved from that oblivion which, by reason of the mode of its original publication, must have involved it in a very short time.

VER-

V E R - V E R T:
OR, THE
NUNNERY PARROT.
AN
HEROIC POEM
IN FOUR CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO
THE ABBESS OF D****.

Translated from the French of Monsieur GRESSET.

First printed in 1759.

“ *Gresset*, agreeable and easy. His comedy
“ called *The Merchant*, and an humorous poem
“ entitled *Ver-Vert*, have original merit. He was
“ bred a Jesuit, but his wit procured his dismission
“ from the Society. This last work particularly
“ could expect no pardon from the Convent, being
“ a Satire against Nunneries.”

Dr. Goldsmith's Enquiry into the present State
of Polite Learning in Europe, p. 107.

“ But hark ! as sweet as Western wind
“ Breathes from the violet's fragrant beds,
“ When balmy dews *Aurora* sheds
“ *Gresset's* clear pipe, distinct behind,
“ Symphoniously combines in one
“ Each former Bard's mellifluent tone.
“ *Gresset*, in whose harmonious verse
“ The Indian bird shall never die,
“ Tho' Death may perch on *Ver-Vert's* hearse,
“ Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse
“ His variable loquacity.”

J. G. Cooper's Poems, p. 34.

C A N T O I.

O YOU, round whom, at VIRTUE's shrine,
 The *solitary* GRACES shine,
 With native charms all hearts engage,
 And reign without religious rage;
 You, whose congenial soul by Heaven 5
 A pleasing guide to TRUTH was given,
 Uniting, with the family
 Of rigid DUTIES, harmless MIRTH,
 Daughter of social LIBERTY,
 Twin-born with HUMOUR at a birth, 10
 And every other power to please,
 TASTE, FANCY, ELEGANCE, and EASE;
 O! since you bid your bard relate
 A noble bird's disastrous fate,
 In notes of sympathetic woe, 15
 Be You my MUSE, my soul inspire,
 And teach my numbers how to flow
 Like those which trembled from your lyre
 In soft and sorrow-soothing sound,
 Whilst listening CUPIDS wept around, 20
 When dear SULTANA's* spirit fled,
 In youthful vigour's vernal bloom,

* A lap-dog.

To the dark mansions of the dead:
 Then for my Hero's hapless doom
 Such tears might once again be shed.

25

One might, upon his virtues cross'd
 By adverse Fortune's envious rage,
 And wanderings over many a coast,
 Swell out the soporific page,
 And other ODYSSEYS compose
 To lull the reader to repose:

30

One might the Gods and Devils raise
 Of superannuated lies,
 Spin out the deeds of forty days
 To volumes of dull histories,

35

And with a pompous tediousness
 Sublimely heavy moralize
 Upon a Bird, in *epic* dress,
 Who as ÆNEAS' self was great,
 As famous too for godliness

40

And each way more unfortunate;
 But *folios* are, in verse, excess,
 Which the sweet Muses most abhor,
 For they are sportive Bees of Spring,
 Who dwell not long on any bower,
 But, lightly wandering on the wing,
 Collect the bloom from flower to flower,
 And, when one fragrant blossom's dry,
 To other sweets unrifled fly.

45

This truth my observation drew

50

From

C A N T O I.

5

From faultless Nature and from you;
 And may these lines, I copy, prove
 I'm govern'd by the laws I love!
 Should I, too faithfully portraying
 Some cloyster'd characters, reveal
 The convent-arts themselves, arraying
 Impomp, with hieroglyphic skill,
 Each weighty business of the grate,
 Each serious nothing's mystic face,
 Each trifle swell'd with holy state;
 Your native humour, whilst I trace
 The comic semblance, will forbear
 To blame the strokes you cannot fear;
 You may despise, from folly free,
 What dullness is oblig'd to wear,
 The formal mask of gravity.
 Illusion's meteors never shine
 To lead astray such souls as thine.
 All *holy arts* Heaven values less
 Than amiable cheerfulness.
 Should VIRTUE her own image shew
 To ravish'd mortals here below,
 With features fierce she'd not appear
 Nor Superstition's holy leer;
 But, like the GRACES, or like YOU,
 She'd come to claim her altar's due.
 In many an author of renown
 I've read this curious observation,

55

60

65

70

75

That, by much wandering up and down,
Men catch the faults of every nation 80
And lose the virtues of their own.

'Tis better, e'en where scanty fare is,
Our homely hearths and honours watching,
Under protection of our LARES,
A calm domestic life to wed, 85
Than run about infection catching
Where-ever Chance and Error tread :
The youth too soon who goes abroad
Will half a foreigner become,
And bring his wondering friends a load 90
Of strange exotic vices home.

This truth the Hero of my tale
Exemplifies in tarnish'd glory ;
Should sceptic wits the truth assail,
I call for witness to my story 95
Each cloyster'd Echo now that dwells
In NEVERS' consecrated cells.

At NEVERS, but few years ago,
Among the Nuns o' th' VISITATION,
There dwelt a parrot, though a Beau, 100
For sense of wondrous reputation ;
Whose virtues, and genteel address,
Whose figure, and whose noble soul,
Would have secur'd him from distress.
Could wit and beauty fate controul. 105
VER-VERT (for so the Nuns agreed

To

To call this noble personage)
 The hopes of an illustrious breed,
 To INDIA ow'd his parentage,
 By an old missionary sent 110
 To this said convent for his good,
 He yet was young and innocent,
 And nothing *worldly* understood.
 Beauteous he was, and debonnair,
 Light, spruce, inconstant, gay, and free, 115
 And unreserv'd, as youngsters are,
 Ere age brings on hypocrisy.
 In short, a bird, from prattling merit,
 Worthy a convent to inherit.

The tender cares I need not tell 120
 Of all the sisterhood devout,
 Nothing, 'tis said, each lov'd so well,
 Leave but her ghostly father out,
 Nay in some hearts, not void of grace,
 One plain historian makes no doubt 125
 The parrot of the priest took place.
 He shar'd in this serene abode
 Whate'er was lov'd by the profession;
 On him such dainties were bestow'd
 As Nuns prepare against confession, 130
 And for the *sacred* entrails hoard
 Of *holy fathers in the Lord*.
 Sole licens'd male to be belov'd,
 VER-VERT was bless'd without controul,

That, by much wandering up and down,
Men catch the faults of every nation. 80
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 As Nuns prepare against confession, 130
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 Of *holy fathers in the Lord*.
 Sole licens'd male to be belov'd,
 VER-VERT was blest'd without controul,

S V E R . V E R T.

Careſſing and careſs'd he rov'd. 135
 Of all the monaſtery the ſoul,
 Except ſome antiquated dames,
 Whoſe hearts to pleaſure callous grown,
 Remark'd with jealous eyes the flames
 Of boſoms younger than their own. 140
 At years of reaſon not arriv'd
 A life of privilege he liv'd,
 He ſaid and did whate'er he wou'd,
 And what he ſaid or did was good.
 He'd peck the Nuns in wanton play. 145
 To wile their plain-work hours away ;
 No party ever was approv'd
 Without his favourite company ;
 In him they found what females lov'd,
 That life of bliſs variety. 150
 He'd strut a Bean in sportive rings
 Uttering pert ſentences by rote,
 Mimick the butterfly's light wings
 Or nightingale's complaining note ;
 He'd laugh, ſing, whistle, joke, and leer, 155
 And frolick, but diſcreetly ſo, .
 With a prudential cautious fear,
 As Nuns probationary do.
 Queſtion'd at once by many a tongue
 Inceſſantly inquiſitive, 160
 He could diſcordant ſounds among,
 To

C A N T O I.

9

To each a proper answer give;
 This power from CÆSAR'S nothing varies,
 Who did at once great plans conceive
 And dictate to four Secretaries. 165

If chronicles may be believ'd,
 So lov'd the pampart Gallant liv'd,
 That with the Nuns he always din'd
 On rarities of every kind;
 Then hoards, occasionally varied, 170
 Of biscuits, sweet-meats, nuts, and fruit,
 Each sister in her pocket carried,
 Subordinately to recruit,
 At leisure times, when not at table,
 His stomach indefatigable. 175

The little CARES with tender faces
 And fond ATTENTIONS, as they say,
 Are natives of these holy places,
 As VER-VERT witness'd every day.
 No human Parrot of the court 180
 Was fondled half so much as he;
 In indolence genteel, and sport,
 His hours roll'd on delightfully:
 Each chamber that he fancied best
 Was his the dormitory round, 185
 And, where at eve he chose to rest,
 Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground;
 And much the lucky Nun was blest!

But

But nights he very seldom pass'd
 With those whom years and prudence blest'd, 190
 The plain neat room was more his taste
 Of some young damsel not profess'd ;
 This nicety at board and bed
 Shew'd he was nobly born and bred.
 When the young female anchorite, 195
 Whom all the rest with envy view'd,
 Had fix'd him for the coming night,
 Perch'd on her AGNUS box he stood,
 Silent in undisturb'd repose
 Till VENUS' warning-star arose: 200
 And when at morn the pious maid
 Her toilette's mysteries display'd,
 He freely saw whate'er was done ;
 I say the toilette, for I've read,
 But speak it in a lower tone, 205
 That virgins, in a cloyster bred,
 Their looks and languishings review
 In mirrors to their eyes as true
 As those, that serve to shew the faces
 Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces. 210
 For, as in city or at court
 — Some certain taste or mode prevails,
 There is among the godly sort
 A taste in putting on their vails ;
 There is an art to fold with grace, 215
 Round a young vestal's blooming face,
 Plain

Plain crape, or other simple stuff,
With happy negligence enough.
Often the sportive Loves in swarms,
Which to the monasteries repair, 220
Spread o'er the holy fillets charms
And tie them with a *killing* air ;
In short, the Nuns are never seen
In parlour or at grate below,
Ere at the looking-glass they've been, 225
To steal a decent glance or so.
This softly whisper'd friends between,
Farther digression we adjourn,
And to our Hero now return.
Safe in this unmolested scene 230
VER-VERT, amidst a life of bliss,
Unrival'd reign'd on every part ;
Her slighted Sparrows took amiss
This change in sister THECLA's heart ;
Four Finches through mere rage expir'd 235
At his advancement mortified,
And two Grimalkins late admir'd,
With envy languish'd, droop'd, and died?
In days like these of joy and love,
Who would have thought such tender cares 240
To form his youthful mind, should prove,
Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares ?
Or, that an adverse time should come:

When

12 V E R - V E R T.

When this same idol of their hearts
 Should stand the mark, by cruel doom, 245
 Of Horror's most envenom'd darts?
 But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow
 The tears arising from the sight
 Of such an unexpected woe,
 Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow 250
 From the soft root of dear delight!

The End of the First CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

IN such a school, a bird of sense
 Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,
 The gift of copious eloquence ;
 For, save his meals and hours of rest,
 His tongue was always occupied : 5
 And no *good* treatise could excel,
 In phrases ready cut and dried,
 His doctrines about living well.
 He was not like those parrots rude
 Whom dangling in a public cage 10
 The common manners of the age
 Have render'd conversably lewd ;
 Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,
 With frail concupiscence endued,
 Each human vanity describe. 15
 Our VER-VERT was a saint in grain,
 A soul with innocency fraught,
 Who never utter'd word prophane,
 Who never had immodest thought.
 But in the room of ribbald wit 20
 Each mystic colloquy he knew,
 And many a text in holy writ
 With prayers and collects not a few ;
 Could

Could psalms and canticles repeat
 And *Benedicite* compleat ; 25
 He could petition Heaven for grace
 With sanctimonious voice and eyes,
 And at a proper time and place
 Religiously soliloquize.
 Each help he had in this learn'd college 30
 That could conduce to sacred knowledge.
 For many virgins had retreated
 Through grace to this religious fold,
 Who, word for word, by rote repeated
 Each Christmas carol, new and old. 35
 From frequent lessons every day
 The scholar grew as learn'd as they ;
 Their very tone of speaking too
 In pious drawlings he express'd,
 The same religious sighs he drew 40
 Deep heaving from the godly breast,
 And languid notes in which these doves
 Mournfully chaunt their mystic loves.
 In short, the Bird perform'd his part
 In all the psalmodizing art. 45

Such merit could not be confin'd
 Within a cloyster's narrow bound,
 But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,
 The neighbouring territories round ;
 Through NEVERS' town from morn to night, 50
 Scarce any other talk was heard,

But

But of discourses exquisite
 Betwixt the Nuns and INDIAN Bird :
 And e'en from MOULINS numbers came
 To witness to the truth of Fame. 55
 VER-VERT, the parlour's boasted glory,
 Whilst all that came were told his story,
 Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand
 Sister MELANIA's ivory hand,
 Who pointed out each excellence 60
 Of mind or body he possess'd,
 His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,
 And various colours on his breast,
 When his engaging aspect won
 Each visiter he look'd upon ; 65
 But beauty the most exquisite
 Was, in our tender proselyte,
 The least his qualities among,
 For all forgot his feathery pride
 And every outward charm beside 70
 The moment that they heard his tongue.
 With various righteous graces fill'd,
 By the good sisterhood instill'd,
 Th' illustrious Bird his speech began,
 At every turn allusions new, 75
 Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,
 In streams of honey'd language ran.
 But what was singularly new,
 In this uncommon gift of speech,

And scarce will be reputed true, 80
 Not any whilst they heard him preach,
 Did ever feel (his powers were such)
 Ecclesiastic lethargy,
 From soporific sanctity;
 What Orator can boast as much? 85
 Much was he prais'd and much caress'd,
 Whilst he, familiariz'd to fame,
 Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,
 His head on his projected breast
 With *priestly gentleness* reclin'd, 90
 And always modestly express'd
 The inward triumph of his mind.
 When he had utter'd to the crowd
 His treasur'd scientific store,
 He mutter'd something not aloud, 95
 And sunk in cadence more and more,
 Till, with an aspect sanctified,
 At last in silence down he fate,
 And left his audience edified
 On what had pass'd to ruminate. 100
 These eloquent harangues would flow
 With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,
 Except a trifling word or so,
 Which accidentally he caught,
 Of scandal, at the grate below, 105
 Or some small syllable of haste,
 Which gentle Nuns will, by the bye,

At one another sometimes cast,
When none but holy ears are nigh.

Thus liv'd in this delightful cage, 110
As faint, as master, or as sage,
Good father VER-VERT, dear to more
Than of vail'd HEBES half a score,
As any cloyster'd Monk as fat,
As reverend too in holy state, 115
Learn'd as an ABBE town-approv'd,
And fair as youths by brides carels'd,
For lovely he was always lov'd,
Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;
In short, had he not hapless rov'd 120
To see the world, compleatly bless'd.

But soon the fatal moments came
Of ever-mournful memory,
Destructive to our Hero's fame.

Voyage of crimes and misery, 125
Of sad remorse, and endless shame!
Would foresight in a former age
Had torn it from th' historic page!
Ah! what a dangerous good at best
Is the possession of renown! 130

Obscurity is sooner blest,
From his sad fate it will be shewn;
Too much success and brilliant parts
Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.

Thy talents, VER-VERT, and thy name, 135
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;
 As far as NANTS the voice of fame
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.
 At NANTS, 'tis known, the VISITATION
 Of reverend sisters has a fold, 140
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,
 Know first whate'er by Fame is told.
 With other news, each holy Dame,
 This Parrot's merit having heard,
 Had longings to behold the bird. 145
 A lay maid's wish is like a flame;
 But, when a Nun has such desire,
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,
 Their thoughts to distant NEVERS flew, 150
 And many a holy head was turn'd,
 The feather'd prodigy to view.
 Immediately upon the spot
 To the good Abbess of the place
 A female secretary wrote, 155
 Beseeching her to have the grace
 To NANTS, by water down the LOIRE,
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,
 That all the female NANTINE choir
 Might hear and see his excellence. 160
 The letter goes: all question, when
 The Bearer will return again?

"Twill

'Twill be eleven days at least,
 An age to any female breast!
 They send each day fresh invitation, 165
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.

Howe'er at length to Nevers came
 This letter of importance great.
 At once the convent's in a flame,
 And the whole chapter's summon'd strait. 170

"Lose VER-VERT! Heaven! send rather death!
 "What comfort will with us be left,
 "These solitary towers beneath,
 "When of the darling bird bereft?"

Thus spoke the Nuns of blooming years, 175
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,
 Preferr'd to penance and to tears
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.

In truth, a holy flock, at least,
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim 180
 To be by one poor bird caress'd,
 Since there no other parrot came
Fledg'd or *unfledg'd* to cheer their nest.

Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames
 Who, by their age superior, fate 185
 Rulers in senatorial state,
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,

That, for a fortnight's space or so,
 Their dear disciple strait should go;

For, prudence overweighing love, 190
 Th' infatuated state decreed
 A stubborn negative might prove
 The cause of mutual hate, and breed
 For ever after much bad blood
 'Twixt theirs and NANTS's sisterhood. 195
 Soon as *the Ladies*, in conclusion,
 O' *th' upper house the bill had pass'd*,
 The *Commons* were in great confusion ;
 Young SERAPHINA cry'd in haste,
 " Ah ! what a sacrifice they make ! 200
 " And is it true consent they give ?
 " Fate from us nothing more can take !
 " How, VER-VERT leave us, and we live !"
 Another, though reputed sage,
 Grew pale at what she heard them say ; 205
 No council could her grief assuage,
 She trembled, wept, and swoon'd away.
 All mourn'd departing VER-VERT's fate,
 Prefaging, from I know not what,
 This tour would prove unfortunate. 210
 In horrid dreams the night they spent,
 The morn redoubled horrors sent.
 Too vain regret ! the mournful hour
 Already 's come, within their view
 The boat is waiting at the shore, 215
 The Fates command to bid adieu,

And

And to his absence, for a while,
Their throbbing bosoms reconcile.

Already every sister pin'd

Like the soft turtle of the grove,

220

To grief before-hand self-resign'd

For the lone hours of widow'd love.

What tender kisses were bestow'd

ON VER-VERT leaving this abode!

What briney streams of sorrow flow'd!

225

The nearer his departure drew

They doated on him more and more,

And found each moment genius new

And beauties never seen before.

At length he leaves their wishful eyes,

230

LOVE with him from the convent flies.

" Ah! go, my child; my dearest, haste,

" Where honour calls thee from my arms;

" But, O! return, thy exile past,

" For ever true, and full of charms!

235

" May ZEPHYRS with their airy plumes

" Wait thee securely on thy way!

" Whilst I, amidst these dreary tombs

" In anguish waste the tardy day,

" And sadly solitary mourn

240

" Uncomforted till thy return.

" O VER-VERT, dearest soul! adieu;

" And, whilst thy journey happy proves,

" May all, thy beauteous form who view,
 " Think thee the eldest of the Loves !" 215
 Such were the words and parting scene
 Of one young lately-veiled Fair,
 Who oft, to dissipate chagrin,
 In bed made many a fervent prayer,
 Learnt from the *manual* of RACINE ; 250
 And who with all her heart, no doubt,
 Would, for sweet VER-VERT's company,
 Have left the holy monastery,
 And follow'd him the world throughout.
 But now the droll is put on board, 255
 At present virtuous and sincere,
 And modest too in deed and word :
 O ! may his bosom every where,
 By prudence guarded, still retain
 That worth, and bring it home again ! 260
 Be that however as it may,
 The boat's already on its way ;
 The noise of waves beneath the prow
 Re-echoes in the air above ;
 The ZEPHYRS favourably blow, 265
 And NEVERS backwards seems to move.

The End of the Second CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O I I I.

IN the same passage-boat, that bore
 This bird of holiness from shore,
 There happen'd the same time to sail
 Two Nymphs of constitution frail,
 A Nurse loquacious, two Gascoons, 5
 A vagrant Monk, and three Dragoons,
 Which, for a youth of piety,
 Was worshipful society!
 VER-VÉRT, unpractis'd in their ways,
 As folks in foreign countries do, 10
 Stood silently in fix'd amaze;
 Their thoughts and language both were new,
 The style he did not understand;
 It was not, like the Scriptures, phras'd
 In dialect of holy land, 15
 With sacred Eastern figures rais'd;
 Nor that, in which the vestal band
 Of Nuns their Maker pray'd and prais'd;
 But full of, what the bird surpriz'd,
 Big words not over Christianiz'd; 20
 For the Dragoons, a wordy race,
 Not burden'd with religious grace,
 Spoke fluently the sutler's tongue,

Saint BACCHUS only they ador'd,
 To whom libations oft they pour'd 25
 For pastime as they sail'd along ;
 The Gascoons and the female three
 Convers'd in idioms which belong
 To VENUS's great mystery ;
 On t' other hand the Sailors swore, 30
 Curs'd, and blasphem'd each heavenly power,
 Whose voices, not in flowers of speech,
 But words sonorous, us'd to deal,
 Roundly articulated each,
 Nor lost the smallest, syllable. 35
 In this variety of sound
 And unintelligible prate,
 VER-VERT, surpriz'd at all around,
 Sad, silent, and embarrass'd fate ;
 He fear'd his ignorance to betray, 40
 And knew not what to think or say.
 The Monk, to satisfy the crowd,
 Who long'd to hear his thoughts aloud,
 To talk the pensive stranger press'd ;
 The Girls in words too debonnair, 45
 Unus'd at penance, or in prayer,
 The melancholy bird caress'd :
 Here by the sex he lov'd address'd
 The Parrot (whilst his look benign
 With usual light religious glisters) 50

In sacred sighs and nunnery whine
 Answers, *God save you, holy Sisters!*
 At this *God save you*, we'll suppose,
 An universal laugh arose:
 In ridicule the words aloud
 Were echo'd through the noisy crowd.
 Thus mock'd, abash'd the novice stood,
 And inly chew'd the mental cud.
 He found what he had said was wrong,
 And saw 'twas needful to endeavour
 To speak the language of the throng,
 If e'er he hop'd to gain their favour:
 His heart, by nature fond of praise,
 Which had been nourish'd all his days,
 Till then, with flattery's incense full,
 Now could, alas! sustain no more
 Of constancy the modest power
 Against th' assaults of ridicule;
 Here first, by four Impatience cross'd,
 VER-VERT his innocency lost.
 From thence he pour'd ungrateful curses
 Against the Nuns his former nurses,
 Who never had adorn'd his mind,
 Careless of literary merit,
 With language copious and refin'd,
 Replete with elegance and spirit.
 T' acquire this great accomplishment
 Each earnest faculty he bent,

55

60

65

70

75

And

And though his prudent tongue lay still,
 His soul of thinking had its fill. 80
 But first the bird resolv'd, in pet,
 All the old gew-gaws to forget
 Which hitherto compos'd his creed,
 That new ideas might succeed.
 In two days, by strict computation, 85
 All former knowledge he expell'd;
 So much the present conversation
 The convent dialect excell'd.
 This first step made, within a trice,
 The truly docile animal 90
 (Young minds too soon are skill'd in vice!)
 In ribaldry was clerical,
 And quickly learn'd to curse and swear,
 As fast as an old Devil would chatter,
 Bound down by chains of mystic prayer, 95
 Beneath a pot of holy water.
 His practice contradicted plain
 A maxim which old books maintain,
 That none to heinous crimes can leap
 At first, but progress step by step; 100
 For he at once without degree
 Was doctor in inquiry.
 He learnt by heart the alphabet
 Of watermen, the LOIRE along,
 And when, in any stormy fit, 105
 An oath escap'd a Sailor's tongue;

VER-VERT, emphatically plain,
 Re-echo'd *damn you* back again.
 On this, applauded by the crew,
 Proudly content with what had past, 110
 Solicitous he daily grew,
 The shameful honour to pursue
 Of pleasing their corrupted taste ;
 And, soon degrading to their bent,
 His generous organ of discourse, 115
 Became prophanely eloquent.
 Ah ! why should bad examples force
 A youthful heart, born free from evils,
 From Heaven's allegiance to the Devil's ?
 Ye Nymphs of NEVERS' convent chaste, 120
 What did you in your cloister'd cells,
 Where pensive MELANCHOLY dwells,
 Whilst these unlucky moments pass'd ?
 In that sad interval, no doubt,
 Fine days you spent in prayers devout, 125
 Petitioning kind Heaven to give
 A happy journey home again
 To the most thankless soul alive,
 Who, quite regardless of your pain,
 Broad engag'd in pleasures new, 130
 Sent not a single thought on you.
 The yawning band of TEDIOUSNESS
 The convent round besieg'd each gate ;

And

And SPLEEN, in fanciful distress,
 Sate fullen at the gloomy grate; 135
 Nay, what the sex shuns every where,
 SILENCE herself came almost there.

Ah! cease your vows, for VER-VERT's grown
 Unworthy of your lavish loves;

VER-VERT no longer will be known 140

By heart as spotless as the dove's,
 By temper softer than the down,
 By fervency of soul in prayer;
 Oh! must the Muse the truth declare?

A very wretched profligate, 145

A scoffer of his ancient home,
 Blasphemer of your holy state,
 And loose apostate he's become;

What you 'such care and labour cost,
 Among the winds and waves is lost. 150

Then, fair-ones, fondly boast no more
 His science and his docile soul,
 Genius is vain, and learning's store,
 If virtue governs not the whole.

Forget him quite; the shameful wretch 155

His heart has tainted with pollution,
 And given up all those powers of speech
 And mighty parts to prostitution.

But now to NANTS, the boat's last station,
 Our Hero and his friends draw nigh, 160
 Where

Where through impatient expectation

The holy sisters almost die :

For their desires the rising sun

Begins his daily course too late ;

Too slow his fiery courfers run,

168

To gain at eve the Western gate.

The flatterer HOPE, in this suspense,

For ever artful to deceive,

Promis'd a prodigy to give

Of genius, dignity, and sense ;

170

A Parrot highly-born and bred,

Possess'd of noble sentiments,

Persuasive tongue, discerning head ;

In short, with all accomplishments :

But O ! I mention it with pain,

175

These expectations all were vain !

At length the vessel reaches land,

Where an old solemn Sister fate,

Commission'd by the sacred band

Th' arrival of the bird to wait ;

180

Who, on that errand daily sent,

Ere since the first epistle went,

At first approach of rising day

Her wandering eyes impatient cast,

Which seem'd, along the watery waste,

185

To waft our Hero on his way.

The sly bird had no sooner seen

The Nun, near whom he disembark'd,

But

But strait he knew her by the mien
 And eyes with holy prudery mark'd, 190
 By the white gloves and languid tone,
 The vail, and linsy-woolsey vest,
 And, what would have suffic'd alone,
 The little cross upon her breast,
 He shudder'd at th' approaching evil, 195
 And, soldier-like, we may conclude,
 Sincerely wish'd her at the Devil;
 Preferring much the brotherhood
 Of the Dragoons, who spoke out plain,
 Whose dialect he understood, 200
 Than to return to learn again
 Prayers stuff'd with many a holy notion,
 And ceremonials of devotion :
 But the vex'd droll, by force, was fated
 To be conducted where he hated. 205
 The careful carrier held her prize
 In spite of all his rueful cries;
 Though much he bit her, by the way,
 Upon her arms, her neck, and face,
 And in his anger, as they say, 210
 Would not have scrupled any place.
 At last howe'er, with much ado,
 She brought him safe to sacred ground ;
 VER-VERT's announc'd : the rumour flew
 Swift as the wind the convent round. 215
 The

The bell proclaims the welcome morn ;
 Strait from the choir each Sister springs,
 And to the common parlour's borne
 On Expectation's eager wings.
 All crowd this wonder to behold
 With longings truly female fir'd ;
 Nay, e'en the feeble and the old
 With youth's warm thoughts are re-inspir'd ;
 Whilst each, regardless of her years,
 For speed forgets the load she bears ;
 And mother AGNES, near fourscore,
 Now runs, who never ran before.

220

225

The End of the Third CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O . IV.

AT length expos'd to public view,
 His figure was by all admir'd;
 Charm'd with a sight so fair and new,
 Their eager eyes were never tir'd;
 Their taste beyond dispute was true; 5
 For though the rogue had swerv'd from duty,
 He had not lost one jot of beauty,
 And the camp mien and rakish stare
 Improv'd it with an easy air.
 Why, Heaven, should charms attractive glow, 10
 Brilliant around a Son of Sin?
 Rather deformity should shew
 The badness of the heart within.
 To praise his looks and lovely feather
 Our Sisters babbled so together, 15
 Unheard, it would have been no wonder,
 If Heaven had roll'd its loudest thunder:
 Mean while unmov'd th' apostate bird
 Deign'd not to speak one pious word,
 But, like a stately Carmelite, 20
 Roll'd his lascivious eyes about.
 This gave offence: so lewd a sight
 Was shocking to the band devout.

Next,

Next, when the Mother Abbess came,
 With an authoritative look, 25
 The feather'd libertine to blame,
 Contemptuously his tail he shook;
 And, not maturely having weigh'd
 The horror of the words he said,
 Reply'd, in military phrase, 30
What damn'd fools Nuns are now-a-days!
 Our history notes, that on the way
 These words he 'd heard the Sailors say.
 At this, with looks demure, another
 The holy sisterhood among 35
 (Willing to make him hold his tongue),
 Cry'd, *fie! for shame, my dearest brother!*
 For thanks *this dearest brother* swore,
 And us'd, sagaciously enough,
 One syllable that rhimes to *more*, 40
 'Gainst which few female ears are proof.
 "Jesu! good mother, she exclaim'd,
 "This is some wicked witch, 'tis clear;
 "And not the bird of NEVERS fam'd,
 "To friends of our religion dear!" 45
 Here, Sutler-like, he cry'd aloud,
The Devil seize this noisy crowd!
 By turns each Sister did essay
 To curb the feather'd grenadier;
 And each as fast was sent away 50
 With something buzzing in her ear;
 VOL. I. D For,

For, laughing at the younger tribe,
 He mimick'd their loquacious rage;
 And, still more freely to describe
 The dull grimace of scolding age, 55
 He ridicul'd the dying closes
 Of precepts snuffed through their noses.
 But, what was worse than all the rest,
 By these dull sermons much oppress'd,
 And with unvented choler swelling, 60
 He thunder'd out each horrid word,
 The very Tars in noise excelling,
 Which on the river he had heard;
 Cursing and swearing all along,
 Invoking every power of hell, 65
 Whilst B's redundant from his tongue,
 And F's emphatically fell.
 The sense of what they heard him speak
 The younger sisters could not tell;
 For they believ'd his language *Greek*: 70
 Next he came out with *blood!* and *zounds!*
Damnation,—brimstone,—fire,—and thunder!
 The grate, at these terrific sounds
 Trembling, is almost split asunder;
 And the good Nuns in speechless fright, 75
 Crossing their throbbing bosoms, fly
 Each to her cell remote from light,
 Thinking the day of judgement nigh.
 Wide opening her sepulchral jaws,

C A N T O IV.

85

One ancient Sister whines, "What evil 80

"Have we design'd, good Heaven, that draws

"Upon us this incarnate Devil?

"By what incentive is he mov'd

"So like the damn'd below to swear?

"Is this that VER-VERT so approv'd? 85

"Are these his faculties so rare?

"But let us without farther pain

"Send back the profligate again."

"Mother of God!" another cries,

"What horrors are before our eyes! 90

"In NEVERS' consecrated dome

"Is this the language Vestals speak?

"Is all their youth taught thus at home?

"Home with the hateful heretick!

"For, if he enters, we shall dwell 95

"In league with all the fiends of hell."

In fine, his freedom VER-VERT lost;

And 'twas resolv'd, without delay,

To send the wretch cag'd-up away.

This end our pilgrim wish'd the most: 100

Howe'er, in form, he's cited first,

Arraign'd, detestable declar'd,

Convicted by the court, accurst,

And from each charity debarr'd,

For having wickedly assail'd 105

The virtue of the Sister's vail'd.

All sign the sentence, yet bemoan

The object it 's inflicted on ;
 For pity 'tis, ere full-age blooms,
 To find depravity so foul, 110
 Or that, beneath such beauteous plumes,
 A debauchée's corrupted soul,
 The Pagan-manners of a Turk,
 And tongue of Infidel, should lurk.
 In short, his old conductress bore 115
 The banish'd culprit to the port ;
 But in returning, as before,
 He never bit our Sister for 't ;
 For joyfully he left the shore,
 And in a tilt-boat home return'd, 120
 Where NEVERS' Nuns his absence mourn'd.

Such was the ILIAD of his woes !
 But, ah ! what unexpected mourning,
 What clamour and despair arose,
 When, to his former friends returning, 125
 He shock'd them with a repetition
 Of his late verbal acquisition !
 What could th' afflicted Sisters do ?
 With eyes in tears, and hearts in trouble,
 Nine venerable Nuns, for woe 130
 Each in a vail funereal double,
 Into the seat of judgement go,
 Who, in their wrinkled fronts, resembled
 Nine AGES in a court assembled.

There,

There, without hopes of happy ending, 135
 Depriv'd of all to plead his cause
 On whom there was the least depending,
 Poor VER-VERT fate, unskill'd in laws,
 Chain'd to his cage, in open court,
 And stripp'd of glory and support. 140
 To condemnation they proceed:
 Two SIBYLS sentence him to bleed;
 'Twas voted by two Sisters more,
 Not so *religiously inhuman*,
 To send him to that INDIAN shore, 145
 Unknown to any Christian woman,
 That conscience might his bosom gore,
 And yield him up a prey to death,
 Where first, with BRACHMEN, he drew breath.
 But the five others all according 150
 In lesser punishments awarding,
 For penance, two long months conclude
 That he should pass in abstinence,
 Three more in dismal solitude,
 And four in speechless penitence; 155
 During which season they preclude
 Biscuits and fruits, the toilette's treasures,
 Alcoves and walks, those convent-pleasures.
 Nor was this all; for, to complete
 His miserable situation, 160
 They gave him, in his sad retreat,
 For gaoler, guard, and conversation,

A stale lay-sifter, or much rather
 An old vail'd ape, all skin and bone,
 Or, cover'd o'er with wrinkled leather, 163
 A walking female skeleton,
 An object proper to fall'n glory,
 To cry aloud, *memento mori.*
 Spite of this dragon's watchful soul,
 The younger Nuns would often go, 170
 With looks of pity to condole;
 Which e'en in exile soften'd woe:
 Nay some, from morning prayers returning,
 With nuts and candied almonds came;
 But to a wretch in prison mourning 175
 Weeds and ambrosia were the same.
 Taught by misfortune's sound tuition,
 Cloath'd with disgrace, and stung with pain,
 Or sick of that old scare-crow vision,
 The bird became in pure contrition 180
 Acquainted with himself again:
 Forgetting his belov'd Dragoons,
 And quite according with the Nuns
 In one continued unison
 Of air, of manners, and of tone; 185
 No sleek prebendal priest could be
 More thoroughly devout than he.
 When this conversion was related,
 The grey diyan at once awarded

His

C A N T O IV.

39

His banishment should be abated, 190
 And farther vengeance quite discarded.
 There the blest day of his recall
 Is annually a festival,
 Whose silken moments, white and even,
 Spun by the hands of smiling Love, 195
 Whilst all th' attendant FATES approve,
 To soft delights are ever given.

How short 's the date of human pleasure !
 How false of happiness the measure !
 The dormitory, strew'd with flowers, 200
 Short prayer, rejoicing, song, and feast,
 Sweet tumult, freedom, thoughtless hours,
 Their amiable zeal express'd,
 And not a single sign of sorrow
 The woes predicted of to-morrow. 205
 But, O ! what favours misapplied
 Our holy sisterhood bestow'd !
 From abstinence's shallow tide
 Into a stream that overflow'd
 With sweets, so long debarr'd from tasting, 210
 Poor VER-VERT too abruptly hasting
 (His skin with sugar being wadded,
 With *liquid fires* his entrails burn'd),
 Beheld at once his roses faded,
 And to funereal cypress turn'd. 215
 The Nuns endeavour'd, but in vain,
 His fleeting spirit to detain ;

But sweet excess had hasten'd fate;
 And, whilst around the fair-ones cry'd,
 Of love a victim fortunate 220

In pleasure's downy breast he died.
 His dying words their bosoms fir'd,
 And will for ever be admir'd:
 VENUS herself his eye-lids clos'd;
 And in ELYSIUM plac'd his shade, 225
 Where hero parrots safe repos'd
 In almond-groves that never fade,
 Near him, whose fate and fluent tongue,
 CORINNA's lover wept and sung.

What tongue sufficiently can tell 230
 How much bemoan'd our hero fell!
 The Nun, whose office 'twas, invited
 The bearers to th' illustrious dead;
 And letters circular indited,
 In which this mournful tale I read. 235
 But, to transmit his image down
 To generations yet unknown,
 A painter, who each beauty knew,
 His portraiture from nature drew;
 And many a hand, guided by LOVE, 240
 O'er the stretch'd sampler's canvass plain,
 In broidery's various colours strove
 To raise his form to life again;
 Whilst GRIEF, to assist each artist, came
 And painted tears around the frame. 245

All

All rites funereal they bestow'd,
 Which erst to birds of high renown
 The band of HELICON allow'd,
 When from the body life was flown.
 Beneath a verdant myrtle's shade, 250
 Which o'er the *mausoleum* spread,
 A small sarcophagus was laid,
 To keep the ashes of the dead.
 On porphyry grav'd in characters
 Of gold, with sculptur'd garlands grac'd, 255
 These lines, exciting Pity's tears,
 Our convent ARTEMISIAS plac'd.

YE NOVICE NUNS, WHO TO THIS GROVE REPAIR,
 TO CHAT BY STEALTH, UNAW'D BY AGE'S FROWN;
 YOUR TONGUES ONE MOMENT, IF YOU CAN,
 FORBEAR,
 TILL THE SAD TALE OF OUR AFFLICTION'S
 KNOWN.

IF 'TIS TOO MUCH THAT ORGAN TO RESTRAIN,
 USE IT TO SPEAK WHAT ANGUISH DEATH IM-
 PARTS:

ONE LINE THIS CAUSE FOR SORROW WILL EX-
 PLAIN;

HERE VER-VERT LIES; AND HERE LIE ALL
 OUR HEARTS,

'Tis said however (to pursue 266
 My story but a word or two)

The

The soul of VER-VERT is not pent
Within th' aforefaid monument,
But, by permission of the Fates,
Some holy sister animates ;
And will, in transmigration, run
From time to time, from Nun to Nun,
Transmitting to all ages hence
In them his deathless eloquence.

270

275

The end of the fourth and last CANTO.

THE

THE
COUNCIL
IN
THE MOON.

This humourous and spirited Tract was published in the year 1765. It was occasioned by several meetings being held at one of the Universities, to procure an application to be made to Parliament, for the purpose of enabling Fellows of Colleges and others to marry, and at the same time retain their preferments. The design, however, was found not agreeable to the majority, and was therefore laid aside. Under the allegory of a debate, whether a certain set of people, supposed to be inhabitants of the Moon, should be allowed the privilege of eating Cheese with their Bread, the Author ridicules the opponents of the proposed application. It has been observed, that the characters of the Antimatrimonians are drawn with much humour, and probably had their Archetypes beneath the Planet wherein the Debate is imagined to have been carried on.

T H E COUNCIL IN THE MOON.

TRAVELLING is become an essential part of a gentleman's education. Being very sensible of its advantages, I some time ago formed a design of making the grand tour; but, upon reflecting how often that scheme had been taken, and that I was pretty well read in the observations travellers have given us on the curiosities to be met with in it, I determined to alter my route, and, boldly pursuing an unbeaten track, to make a visit to the regions of the Moon. Accordingly I set out, and arrived there in great safety. I see the mouths of all the world are open upon me, to know by what sort of machine or vehicle I transported myself thither. Hold a little, Gentlemen! That is a secret not to be discovered till an handsome reward is offered by the Government. But so far I will satisfy you, that I was neither conveyed by a broomstick, a pair of wings, a berlin, a post coach, or any other *flying* machine.

The

The Lunatics (for so the people are called) bear the most exact resemblance to the inhabitants of the Earth, in their persons, customs, manners, and ways of living. They, like ourselves, blindly pursue shadows for substances, oppose the plainest dictates of nature and reason, and often philosophize themselves out of their happiness, whilst they mean to fix it upon the surest foundations. Without consideration or choice, and even without common thought, they ardently espouse one opinion, rather than another. It is no uncommon thing among them, to be led into the same persuasion by the habit they wear, the tribe or company with which they are connected; by the vocation in life they happen to be engaged in; or by the multitude, that, like a torrent, carries them, with irresistible force, into whatever channel it pleases. They submit to the tyranny of prejudice or custom, as if nature had given them no strength to make resistance. They desert their own judgement, to pursue other men's fancies; and defend with passion what they have embraced without reason.

I hope no offence to the manes of Copernicus or any of his brethren, if I take the liberty to assert, that the Moon might, with as much propriety, be called the Earth's mirror or looking-glass, as its satellite. For it is surprizing to see with what faithfulness and precision every thing that is trans-

acted

acted upon Earth is reflected in her. There seems to be an unaccountable sympathy between the inhabitants of the two Planets; not unlike that between the wheels and the living creatures in Ezekiel's vision; which I will not pay my courteous Readers so ill a compliment as to suppose them unacquainted with.

It happened, in my travels over the Moon, that I fell into a little republic very remarkable for the oddity of some of its laws and customs. None of them struck me with greater wonder and surprize, than that every member of this community was forbidden, upon pain of expulsion, to *eat Cheese with his Bread* *.

This law has been inviolably preserved since the first institution of the Republic to this day, except

* Various have been the conjectures of the Learned in the Moon concerning the origin of this and some other Laws equally unaccountable. But the majority agree in deriving it from the Pythagoreans; a sect that transmigrated to the Moon a great number of years ago. This opinion is supposed to be founded upon the following passage in Diogenes Laertius: Παντός δὲ μᾶλλον ἀπηγόρευε μήτε ἐρυθῖνον ἐσθίειν, μήτε μελάιουρον καρδίας τε ἀπέχισθαι καὶ κυάμων. Ἀριστοτέλης δὲ φησι, καὶ μήτρας καὶ τρίγλης ἐνίοτε. Αὐτὸν δὲ ἀρκεῖσθαι. μέλιτι μόνῳ (φησὶ τινες) ἢ κηρίῳ, ἢ ἄρτω. *De Pythag.* It must be confessed that there are three words in this quotation that seem to favour the opinion. And we may safely say, that many a well-fronted hypothesis has been built upon a weaker foundation, and supported by it too for a considerable length of time.

by

by those who preside over the different Companies it is distributed into. These Gentlemen, by the assistance of interpretation, have found means to dispense with it. *Interpretation* is a kind of racking engine, bequeathed to some of the Companies by their Founders; to which a poor word, that stands indicted of opposing pleasure or convenience in certain cases, is dragged to be squeezed and tortured till it is frightened out of all its *senses*, and made to say whatever the inquisitors please. During my stay here, I had the curiosity to examine a Book of Laws belonging to one of the Companies, and found the following order written in Latin—*Cælebs sit M-g-st-r, et Cælibes sint S-c-i*—which is, being interpreted, “Let the Governor be a temperate Man, and let the inferior Members of the Company eat no Cheese.” I must confess, I think the Governors acted like wise men, and according to the order of nature, in endeavouring to get rid of so absurd a restriction; though it is apprehended such a step would have been taken with a better grace under a certain sanction, which, with little shew of reason, could have been denied it. But this by the bye.

At the very juncture of my being at this Republic, a genius arose, of a more enlarged turn of mind than we generally meet with among the inhabitants of the Lunar regions, who proposed a scheme
of

of applying to the Legislature, for permission to abolish the very Law I have been speaking of. What impartial and disinterested man would imagine such a proposal could receive any opposition? But there is a number of little groveling spirits to be found in every place, who, either being unable to comprehend the meaning of any thing that is great and generous, or stung with envy of that lustre a patriotic character ever displays, or from some other reasons equally reproachable, are ready, upon all occasions that offer, to contribute their mite of opposition. So it was here. Nevertheless, the scheme had many advocates; and such too as reflected no small credit upon it. It became the common topic of conversation throughout the whole Republic; and there seemed to be a contention among its enemies, who should make the absurdest suppositions and conjectures, in order to bring it into ridicule. At length, however, a Council was called by the Chief Magistrate; in which those Members of the Republic, who had any objections to the scheme, were desired, one by one, to deliver their sentiments in a set speech, to avoid the tumult and disorder of a number of people talking promiscuously. The interest of a friend procured me a corner in this illustrious Assembly; and, as I minuted down all I heard there, and it may not be unentertaining to my Readers, I will impart it to them.

It is usual with most modern Orators, when they rise up to address a public Audience, before they speak, to make some preliminary hems and haws, to cough or spit, to stroak their beards, or pull down their shirt-sleeves, to rub their hands together, adjust their wigs, or pull up their breeches. As each Orator stood up, whilst he was making some such necessary prelude; my friend, who placed himself by me, informed me of his name, and drew a short sketch of his character. The first person who made an harangue upon this occasion was, as I found by my instructor, Mr. TIMOTHY PORE, a great politician; a man that saw through many things beside his spectacles. When any thing was mentioned in a mysterious way, he always very gravely shook his head, though there was *nothing* in it. He had a marvellous knack at smelling out a secret where there was none. He could tell you, twelve hours beforehand, when the post would bring bad news, as peremptorily as an old woman's corn foretells rain. In short, he was a very smoaky fellow, and spoke to the following purpose:

“Gentlemen! I plainly foresee, the ruin and downfall of this our constitution must be the immediate consequence of admitting the extraordinary scheme lately proposed. Doubtless the projector of it is a man of deep design, and entertains no goodwill toward our community. To let you into a secret,

cret, gentlemen ! I question whether he is not a Jesuit*, or, at least, whether he is not backed by some of that desperate order. But, hold ! upon farther consideration, I am rather inclined to suspect he is a Mahometan. A member of the church of Rome once endeavoured, in his *Calvino-Turcismus*, to fix an imputation of Mahometanism upon a great Reformer ; but I can, with much greater shew of reason, undertake to prove that our Reformer's principles bear incontestable marks of that impious leaven. If we consider how great a Cheesemonger Mahomet himself was, and how liberal in his allowance of Cheese to his disciples ; if we consider too, that the chief entertainment he promised them in his Paradise was to consist of various sorts of Cheese ; we may fairly enough conclude that our Reformer's scheme proceeds upon the Mahometan system.—Surely, the imminent danger that threatens us cannot too much alarm those who possess but the most common degree of penetration and foresight : for, were the wicked designs of this Projector to be encouraged, and his proposal to be embraced ; it is unnecessary to inform this sagacious Body, that the most certain consequence must be, a total infringe-

* The Reader will not wonder to hear the Orator talking of Jesuit and Mahometan, and some other things that seem at first meer sublunary affairs ; when he recollects the exact correspondence, I spoke of, between our Planet and the Moon.

ment of all wholesome laws and discipline, both religious and political, and an introduction to universal anarchy and confusion." Here Mr. PORE concluded; and sat down with a smile of great complacency and self-satisfaction, fully convinced of the justness of his conjectures, and the irrefragable strength of his arguments.

Next stood up the venerable Mr. RICHARD RUST. This gentleman was of very ancient standing in his Company. Being very old himself, he had contracted a wonderful affection for every thing that was so. It seems to be an universal principle among mankind, to love what most resembles themselves. The wig Mr. RUST had on was, like himself, so old and so entirely unfit for use, that it was impossible he should not prefer it to any other. This patient grizzle, after having a few winters maintained its crisped honours against all inclemencies of weather, and the riots and frolics of its master's younger days, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty gave up its last curl; and Mr. RUST, in consideration of its past services, permitted his band to curl, by deputation, for it. He wore an old thread-bare suit of cloaths, which, we learn by tradition, had been once black; and constantly carried in his hand an ebony walking-stick, that, in days of yore, had supported the aged steps of his great grandmother. This he thrice
knocked

knocked against the floor, to command attention, and expressed himself as follows :

“ Gentlemen ! I must ingeniously confess that, in my youth, my mouth has, now and then, wickedly watered for a piece of Cheese ; nor am I ignorant that some graceless aspersions have been thrown upon my character, insinuating that I had more than once been caught nibbling. But I am now arrived at an age, equally unobnoxious to those liquorish longings, and to any imputations of using means to gratify them. My judgement is at length cooled and matured by a long series of reflexion ; and I have learned that there is nothing more valuable or sacred than the old customs and usages of our forefathers. The sound only of the word *innovation* is enough to give me a fit of the palsy. Eat Cheese with our Bread !—Unheard-of depravity ! It is enough to disturb the repose of our venerable ancestors, and make them start from their graves. Were such an impious innoyation to be admitted, what evil consequences might we not expect ! what abuses of the most ancient rites and established ceremonies is it not likely would succeed ! I should hardly be surprized to see the good old custom of eating Plum-porridge on Christmas-day abolished : St. Michael and all Angels would scarcely be able to assert their privilege of Goose and roast Pork : and I may live to see the day, when Shrove-tide

itself shall pass unhallowed by Apple-pancakes. I well remember, some strange forebodings and apprehensions seized my heart, when they turned the poor Old Style out of doors. I then trembled, lest that restless spirit of innovation should diffuse itself. And now to see the dæmon actually working to undermine a wise custom, that has obtained in our Community ever since its first foundation, is more than I can ——” Here grief and vexation choaked the old gentleman’s utterance, and obliged him to sit down before he had finished his harangue.

An Orator now rose, whom I observed to have been remarkably on the fret from the first moment he entered the assembly. Sometimes he looked wild and angry, would every now and then rise from his seat, then sit down again in much agitation, and wipe his face, which was bedewed with a cold sweat. This, says my friend at my elbow, is Mr. LOFTY, who is promoted to an important office in one of our Companies. His Christian name is so much eclipsed by the glare of his titles and dignities, that one cannot see it. So you must excuse my not giving an account of it. He is a very choleric sort of a man, and has, I am afraid, a small spice of pride in his constitution. He is now in high fermentation; and you will see him, in a very short time, froth at the mouth, like a barrel of new small-beer at the cork-hole. Scarce had my instructor

structor made his observation, but the truth of it was proved; and this vessel of wrath ran over to the following effect :

“ Of all the plans that ever were planned, the schemes that ever were schemed, and proposals that ever were proposed, the plan, scheme, or proposal, now under consideration, is the most absurd, ridiculous, and romantic. The author of it is a block-head and an ass, and deserves to be expelled our community. Were permission given that all members of our Republic might eat Cheese with their Bread, people may pretend that many of them would not, or could not, go to the expence of it ; or that others would not taste it, if it was set before them ; but, maugre all such idle, false, and frivolous arguments, I could demonstrate, were not my assertion sufficient, that every individual, to a man, would immediately embrace the privilege. The effect would be, that the rascals, being allowed Cheese, would spare their children some of the Bread procured for themselves by the favour and interest of the Governors of their several Companies, and be encouraged to educate their brats * to be impertinent and troublesome to *them*, and, for

* The Orator here seems to espouse an idle notion, some had conceived, that the emoluments the Members of the Republic now enjoyed but for themselves would, upon adopting the Cheese-scheme, generally become the inheritance of their children.

aught I know, a detriment to the kingdom in general. I am aware, there are many people, who insist upon it, that there is no ground for these suggestions; but give me leave to say, that they are all fools, and know nothing about the matter."

The Gentleman who spoke next was Mr. CHRISTOPHER CRAB, a man not destitute of wit and humour. He was esteemed a great Critic, because there was nothing he would not find fault with. He was a man of unlimited conjecture; which often led him to shew his invention at the expence of his judgement. He did not want knowledge, especially that of mankind; but he was not always happy in his application of it. It was too common with him, to form general conclusions, and establish maxims, upon cases meerly possible. He had some fluency of words, but more vivacity than elegance. Hear him —

"Gentlemen! I am of opinion, that under no restrictions whatsoever ought this new scheme to be admitted. I shall chiefly draw my arguments from the nature of Cheese in general, and some particular consequences that are found to arise from eating it. In the first place, then, Cheese is absolutely prejudicial to many *constitutions*: there are many people (likely enough to be met with among the more recluse Lunatics) who bear such an *anti-pathy* to Cheese, that they avoid being in the same
room

room with it. Then Cheese, though confessedly efficacious in digesting other things, does not easily digest itself, and will often *lie so long at a man's stomach* as to give him infinite plague and vexation. Besides, Cheese is generally too *hard*, or too *soft*, too *tough*, or too *pliant*, too *strong*, or quite *insipid*. Then there is your *maggoty* Cheese, your *rotten* Cheese, your Cheese that every body has *tasted*, and your *slip-coat* Cheese; a very dangerous sort of Cheese this last! for, being apt to *run* beyond its prescribed limits, it is often impossible for the proprietor, though he *loves* it ever so well, to secure it entirely to his own use. In short, gentlemen! I cannot help concluding, from the course of my observations, that there is no such thing as a good Cheese in the world; and, therefore, I think it would argue the highest degree of insanity to apply to the Legislature, for removing an obstacle that happily prevents our coming at it."

An ingenious young man, who sat near Mr. CRAB, so highly resented the acrimony of his speech, that he rose up; and, bowing to the Chief Magistrate, said, "That though he apprehended his design in calling the present Council was rather to hear what objections could be produced to the scheme, than for any other purpose; yet, as he was convinced Mr. CRAB had gone very unwarrantable lengths in some of his observations and conclusions,
he

he could not help asking permission to offer a remonstrance or two. Which being granted him, he desired the Orator to recollect, "That there was such a thing as *sage* Cheese; and that being *green* Cheese (a circumstance that would prejudice many men in its favour), and consequently of the same kind that forms the materials of which the Moon was made, he thought it very unworthy *a man in the Moon*, to suppose that species was not to be found there in great abundance." He next observed, "that *toasted* Cheese was held in high estimation by men of the best taste. And, indeed, when Cheese has passed unhurt and unfulled through that *fiery trial*, it is impossible to say too much in its commendation." He added, "that, always having professed himself a great admirer of Cheese in general, he had paid so much attention to that useful commodity, that he could with confidence assert, that there was much more good Cheese, than bad, in the world:" and concluded with saying, "He could not help suspecting, that Mr. CRAB, in spite of all restraints, might have made some experiments in his time that had proved unfortunate."

I think I have hitherto given no intimation to my Readers, that this Republic was established principally for the cultivation of the understanding. But there are some people in it, who do not culti-

vate

vate their understandings; and others, who have no understandings to cultivate. Of this last class was SIMON SHALLOW, who next seized the ears of this respectable Audience with a speech. SIMON never doubted the truth of any story he had heard in his life. He had no clear ideas of any thing in the world. He would swallow you half a dozen impossibilities in a breath, without making a face. He could not be said to *think*, in any true sense of that word; and seemed to have no property in his own ideas. He voided them just as he received them, as children do cherry-stones. He lisped in his speech, and sputtered like a roasting pippin. But, with all these disadvantages, he was not proscribed the pale of common-sense, according to the definition some people give of it; for SIMON had *a good deal to say for himself*. What he said upon this occasion, I will now lay before you.

“Gentlemen! I have been told that there is nothing in nature more pernicious than Cheese. And I can produce such instances of its ill effects, as will leave no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion. I remember having heard from my nurse, who thought she had heard it from my grandmother, that Cheese would give a man the rheumatism and the ear-ach: and a very sensible country apothecary, a cousin of mine, says, that he can attribute a sore throat, or a fever on the spirits, to
nothing

nothing but Cheefe. For my own part, I never see a Cheefe, but it puts me in mind of the dropfy, yellow jaundice, and king's evil; and I am certain, were the new scheme admitted, we should all be afflicted with those disorders. Nay, such a terrible notion have I of this baneful commodity, that I should not at all wonder to hear a man had got a leprosy, a wry neck, or a fit of the gout, by eating it. *Dixi."*

The whole audience flared, to hear Mr. SHALLOW talk at so strange a rate; and even the partisans of the cause he undertook to defend must have thought he meant to laugh at it, had he not put on the most serious and solemn countenance that ever apologized for an empty head.

Another Gentleman, whose name my friend had forgotten, delivered his sentiments upon the subject under consideration. But, before he had finished the third period of an harangue most elaborately dull, my attention was diverted by a very singular circumstance. A certain Naturalist, a friend of mine in my native planet, meeting with a bird of passage that was going to take up its winter-quarters in the Moon, took an opportunity to tie round its neck a little billet addressed to myself. This winged messenger directed its flight to me with great sagacity; and, upon examining the express, I found myself obliged, on account of some affairs
of

of great moment, to return immediately to my sublunary home ; which prevented my knowing the issue of the Council. As I took leave of my friend in the corner, I could not help making the following reflection upon what I had heard : *That, when mens opinions are suggested rather by some ruling passion, peculiar cast of character, or reasons, meerly local, than by a candid, liberal, and unbiassed examination ; they are justly liable to a suspicion of being equally destitute of truth and impartiality.*

A P O L O G Y.

THE Author thinks proper to declare, that no one of the characters in the preceding pages is designed for any particular person, and that he knows no individual to whom any of them could with propriety be applied. As the Grecian painter, when he drew the picture of Helen for the Agrigentines, selected from a number of beautiful women those limbs and features that were most striking and perfect in each of them ; so the Author, in drawing pictures of another cast, has taken the liberty to borrow of one person, his blear-eye ; of another, his wry mouth ; of a third, red hair ; of a fourth, a large wen ; an hunch-back of a fifth ; and so on, till his pieces have, in a certain degree,

62 THE COUNCIL, &c.

degree, reached his ideas of the *beauty* of ugliness. Now, as no one of the ladies, out of whose charms Zeuxis composed his Helen, had any right to call the picture her own; so no individual whatsoever, upon seeing the portraits of Mr. PORE, Mr. RUST, or any of the respectable groupe, has any right to challenge this, or that, as his own likeness.

ODE:

O D E:
UPON DEDICATING A BUILDING,
AND
ERECTING A STATUE,
TO
SHAKESPEARE,
At STRATFORD UPON AVON.

ACCOMPANIED BY
THE CODE,
ON DEDICATING A BUILDING,
AND
ERECTING A STATUE,
TO
LESTUE,
Cook to the Duke of NEWCASTLE,
At CLERMONT.

With NOTES by MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS;
And TESTIMONIES to the GENIUS and MERITS
of LESTUE.

O D E

O N

S H A K E S P E A R E.

TO what blest genius of the isle
 Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
 Decree the festive day,
 Erect the statue, and devote the pile?

Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
 To own the "bosom's lord?"
 'Tis he! 'tis he! — that demi-god!
 Who Avon's flowery margin trod,
 While sportive *Fancy* round him flew,
 Where *Nature* led him by the hand,
 Instructed him in all she knew,
 And gave him absolute command!
 'Tis he! 'tis he!
 "The god of our idolatry!"
 To him the song, the edifice we raise,
 He merits all our wonder, all our praise!
 Yet ere impatient joy break forth,
 In sounds that lift the soul from earth;
 And to our spell-bound minds impart
 Some faint idea of his magic art;

Let

The O D E

ON

L E S T U E.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

TO what blest Genius of the Isle
 Shall Gluttony her tribute pay,
 Decree the festive day,
 Erect the statue, and devote the pile?

Do not your sympathetic mouths accord
 To own¹ the stomach's lord?
 'Tis he! 'tis he!—that demi-god!
 Who Clermont's fattening meadows trod,
 While the whipt cream around him flew,
 Fruit-Betty² took him by the hand,
 Instructed him in all she knew,
 And gave him absolute command.
 'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis he!
 The god³ of our idolatry!
 To him the song⁴, the edifice, we raise;
 He merits⁵ all our wonder, all our praise!
 Yet ere impatient joy break forth
 In sounds that lift the soul from earth⁶;
 And to our fauce-bound minds impart
 Some faint idea of his magic art;

66 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

Let awful silence fill the air!
From the dark cloud, the hidden light
 Bursts ten-fold bright!
 Prepare! prepare! prepare!
 Now swell at once the choral song,
Roll the full tide of harmony along;
 Let Rapture sweep the trembling strings,
 And Fame, expanding all her wings,
 With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!
SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE!
 Let th' enchanting sound
 From Avon's shores rebound;
 Through the air,
 Let it bear
The precious freight the envious nations round!

C H O R U S.

Swell the choral song,
Roll the tide of harmony along.
 Let Rapture sweep the strings,
 Fame expand her wings,
With her trumpet-tongues proclaim,
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!
SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE! SHAKESPEARE!

A I R.

ODE ON LE STUE.

67

Let awful silence fill the air⁷:
From the dark cloud the hidden light
 Bursts ten-fold bright!
Screw! screw! screw⁸!
Now swell the choral song;
Roll the full tide of harmony along.
Let Rapture sweep the trembling strings,
And Fame, expanding all her wings,
With all her trumpet-tongues⁹ proclaim
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!
LE STUE! LE STUE! LE STUE!
Let the enchanting sound
From Clermont's groves rebound;
 Through the air,
 Let it bear
The precious freight¹⁰ the envious nations round¹¹!

C H O R U S.

Swell the choral song;
Roll the tide of harmony along.
Let Rapture sweep the strings,
Fame expand her wings,
With her trumpet-tongues proclaim
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name!
LE STUE! LE STUE! LE STUE!

F 2

AIR.

68 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

A I R.

I.

*Sweetest bard that ever sung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;
Never sure did witching tongue
Warble forth such wood-notes wild!*

II.

*Come each Muse, and sister Grace,
Loves and Pleasures hither come!
Well ye know this happy place;
Avon's banks were once your home.*

III.

*Bring the laurel, bring the flowers,
Songs of triumph to him raise;
He united all your powers;
All uniting, sing his praise!*

Though Philip's fam'd unconquer'd son
Had every blood-stain'd laurel won;
He sigh'd—that his creative word
(Like that which rules the skies)
Could not bid other nations rise,
To glut his yet unfated sword:

But when our SHAKESPEARE's matchless pen,
Like Alexander's sword, had done with men;
He

A I R.

I.

*Sweetest cook that ever sored!
 Pelham's Bishops call thee child!
 Newer, surer, had witching head
 Skill to dress such woodcocks wild.*

II.

*Ye that have, or sigh for grace,
 Holy Prelates hither come!
 Well ye know this happy place;
 Clermont's halls were once your home.*

III.

*Bring the laurel, bring the flowers!
 Songs of triumph to him raise!
 He delighted all your powers!
 All delighted, sing his praise!*

Though Philip's fam'd, unconquer'd son
 Had every blood-stain'd laurel won;
 He sigh'd—that his creative ¹² word
 (Like that which rules the skies)
 Could not bid other nations rise
 To glut his yet unfated sword:

But when LE STUE's unrival'd spoon,
 Like Alexander's sword, with flesh had done;

70 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan :
 Not limited to human-kind,
 He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
 Rais'd other worlds, and beings of his own !

A I R.

*When Nature, smiling, bair'd his birth,
 To him unbounded power was given ;
 The whirlwind's wing to sweep the sky,
 " The frenzy ro'ling eye,
 To glance from heaven to earth,
 From earth to heaven ! "*

O from his muse of fire
 Could but one spark be caught,
 Then might these humble strains aspire
 To tell the wonders he has wrought !
 To tell—how, sitting on his magic throne,
 Unaided and alone,
 In dreadful state,
 The subject passions round him wait ;
 Who though unchain'd, and raging there,
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career ;
 With that superior skill,
 Which winds the fiery steed at will,
 He gives the awful word—
 And they, all foaming, trembling, own him for their
 Lord.

With

ODE ON LE STUE.

71

He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan :
 Not limited to butcher's-meat,
 To form the wonder-teeming treat,
 He rais'd ragouts and olios of his own.

A I R.

*To him did Nature yield such wit !
 To him such boundless power allot !
 The grey-goose-wing to flap the fly !
 The ready-rolling eye,
 To glance from pot to spit,
 From spit to pot !*

O from his kitchen-fire
 Had but his Bard one dinner caught !
 Then might these humble strains aspire
 To tell the wonders he has wrought ¹³ !
 How, sitting on his culinary throne,
 Unaided and alone,
 In dreadful state,
 The subject stew-pans round him wait ;
 Who though on fire and boiling there,
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career ;
 With that superior skill,
 Which winds the fiery steed at will,
 He gives the awful look,
 And they, all foaming ¹⁴, bubbling, own him for
 their Cook !

With these his slaves he can controul,
 Or charm the soul;
 So realiz'd are all his golden dreams
 Of terror, pity, love, and grief,
 Though conscious that the vision only seems,
 The woe-struck mind finds no relief:
 Ingratitude would drop the tear,
 Cold-blooded age take fire!
 To see the thankless children of old *Lear*
 Spurn at their king and fire!
 With *his* our reason too grows wild!
 What Nature had disjoin'd
 The Poet's power combin'd,
Madness and age, ingratitude and child.

Ye guilty, lawless tribe,
 Escap'd from punishment by art or bribe,
 At *Shakespeare's* bar appear!
 No bribing, shuffling there—
 His genius, like a rushing flood,
 Cannot be withstood,
 Out bursts the penitential tear!
 The look appall'd the crime reveals,
 The marble-hearted monster feels,
 Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

With these his slaves he can controul¹⁵,
 Or charm the foul;
 So realiz'd are all his fine extremes
 Of sweet and sour, and high and plain,
 Though conscious that the vision only seems¹⁶,
 The spice-struck nostrils something gain;
 Nor Hunger's self would drop the tear;
 Nor chill-vein'd age feel angry fires,
 While Memory fought the roast beef and strong beer,
 That pleas'd our ancient kings and fires.
 With *his* our appetite grows wild,
 What Nature had disjoin'd,
 His Cookery combin'd,
Acid and *sweet*, and *sale* and *mild*.

Ye guilty Lawyer-tribes,
 Who risque all punishment for bribes,
 Beneath his shredding-knife repair:
 No bribing, shuffling there¹⁷!
 His strong arm, like a rushing flood,
 Cannot be withstood.
 Down drops the ruthless bear.
 The look appall'd the crime reveals,
 The marble-hearted monster feels,
 Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

74 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

When law is weak, and justice fails,
The poet holds the sword and scales.

A I R.

*Though crimes from death and torture fly,
The swifter Muse
Their flight pursues ;
Guilty mortals more than die !*

*They live indeed, but live to feel
The scourge and wheel,
“ On the torture of the mind they lie ;”
Should harass’d nature sink to rest,
The Poet wakes the scorpion in the breast ;
Guilty mortals more than die !*

When our *Magician*, more inspir’d,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir’d,
Exerts his most tremendous power ;
The thunder growls, the heavens lour,
And to his darken’d throne repair
The *Demons* of the deep, and *Spirits* of the air !

But soon these horrors pass away,
Through storms and night breaks forth the day :

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Cook, whose seasoning never fails,
Weighs all his spices in the scales.

A I R.

*To him when hungry Chaplains fly,
The swifter spit
Prevents their flight;
Hungry Chaplains more than die.*

*They live indeed, but live to feel
The scourge and wheel,
And on their tortur'd stomachs lie.
Should barras'd nature sink to rest,
Famine still wakes the scorpion in the breast.
Hungry Chaplains more than die.*

When our *Magician*, more inspir'd,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his most amazing power,
The kettle growls¹⁸, the chimneys lour,
And to his darken'd board repair
The fish of the deep, and the fowls of the air.

But soon these numbers pass away;
Provisions of a single day!

76 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

He smiles — they vanish into air !
 The buskin'd warriours disappear !
 Mute the trumpets, mute the drums,
 The scene is chang'd — *Thalia* comes,
 Leading the nymph *Euphrosyne*,
 Goddess of joy and liberty !
 She and her sisters, hand in hand,
 Link'd to a numerous frolick band,
 With roses and with myrtle crown'd,
 O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
 Circling the Monarch of th' enchanted land !

A I R.

I.

*Wild, frantic with pleasure,
 They trip it in measure,
 To bring him their treasure,
 The treasure of joy !*

II.

*How gay is the measure !
 How sweet is the pleasure !
 How great is the treasure !
 The treasure of joy !*

III.

*Like roses fresh blowing,
 Their dimpled-cheeks glowing,
 His mind is o'erflowing ;
 A treasure of joy !*

His

He gives the word, and, at his call,
 They smoke amidst the gowned hall.
 All is mute, and all is mum,
 'The scene is chang'd, the dinner's come.
 Here the Pensionary see!
 Foe to want and liberty!
 Deans and Doctors, hand in hand,
 Frolic in the gown and band!
 Hope sits smiling on their cheek,
 Smooth and sly, and soft and sleek,
 They hail the Monarch of the festive land.

A I R.

I.

*Wild, frantic with pleasure,
 They eat without measure,
 And stuff in their treasure,
 The treasure of joy!*

II.

*How vast is the measure!
 How sweet is the pleasure!
 How great is the treasure!
 A treasure of joy!*

III.

*Like roses fresh blowing,
 Their dimpled-cheeks glowing,
 Their bellies o'erflowing,
 A treasure of joy!*

His

IV.

*His rapture perceiving,
 They smile while they're giving,
 He smiles at receiving,
 A treasure of joy!*

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
 Surrounded thus, the Bard in transport dies;
 The little *Loves*, like bees,
 Clustering and climbing up his knees,
 His brows with roses bind;
 While *Fancy*, *Wit*, and *Humour*, spread
 Their wings, and hover round his head,
 Impregnating his mind.
 Which teeming soon, as soon brought forth,
 Not a tiny spurious birth,
 But out a mountain came,
 A mountain of delight!
 LAUGHTER roar'd out to see the sight,
 And FALSTAFF was his name!
 With sword and shield he, puffing, strides;
 The joyous revel rout
 Receive him with a shout,
 And modest *Nature* holds her sides:
 No single power the deed had done,
 But great and small,

IV.

*His rapture perceiving,
They smile while they're giving¹⁹,
He smiles at receiving,
A treasure of joy!*

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
While honour'd thus, the Cook in transport dies.

The little *Appetites*, like bees²⁰,
Clustering and climbing up his knees,
His brows with roses bind;

While *Wit*, and *Taste*, and *Genius*, spread
Their wings, and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind.

Which teeming soon, as soon brought forth,
Not a tiny spurious birth,
But out a dumplin came,
A dumplin of delight!

A Dean roar'd out to see the fight,
And K——L was his name.

Down smoaking on the board it slides.

The joyous reverend rout

Receive it with a shout,

And modest SQUIRE holds both his sides.

No single power the deed had done,
But great and small,

Wit,

30 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim, and Jest,
The huge, mis-shapen heap impress'd;
And lo — SIR JOHN!
A compound of them all,
A comic world in ONE.

A I R.

A world where all pleasures abound,
So fruitful the earth,
So quick to bring forth,
And the world too is wicked and round.

As the well-teeming earth,
With rivers and showers,
Will smiling bring forth
Her fruits and her flowers;
So FALSTAFF will never decline;
Still fruitful and gay,
He moistens his clay,
And his rain and his rivers are wine;
Of the world he has all, but its care;
No load, but of flesh, will he bear;
He laughs off his pack,
Takes a cup of old sack,
And away with all sorrow and care.

Like the rich rainbow's various dyes,
Whose circle sweeps o'er earth and skies,
The

Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim, and Jest,
 The huge mis-shapen heap impress'd,
 And lo — Sir John! ²¹
 A compound of them all,
 The pudding-world in one!

A I R.

A world, where all pleasures abound,
So fruitful the earth,
So quick to bring forth,
And the world like a dumplin is round ²².

As the well-teeming earth,
With rivers and showers,
Will, smiling, bring forth
Her fruits and her flowers;
So dumplins will never decline;
Still fruitful and good,
They nourish the blood,
And relish whole rivers of wine.
Of the world give me all but its care;
No load but of pudding I'll bear;
Not a rag to my back,
Only give me old sack;
And away with all sorrow and care!

Like the rich pyramid's fair dies ²³,
 Whose stature charms the wondering eyes,

82 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

The heaven-born Muse appears ;
 Now in the brightest colours gay,
 Now, quench'd in showers, she fades away,
 Now blends her smiles and tears.

Sweet *Swan of Avon* ! ever may thy stream
 Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme !
 Not *Thames* himself, who in his silver course
 Triumphant rolls along
 Britannia's riches and her force,
 Shall more harmonious flow in song.

O had those bards, who charm the listening shore
 Of *Cam* and *Isis*, tun'd their classic lays,
 And from their full and precious store
 Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted *Avon* praise !
 (Like that kind bounteous hand *,
 Which lately gave the ravish'd eyes
 Of *Stratford's* swains
 A rich command
 Of widen'd river, lengthen'd plains,
 And opening skies)
 Nor *Greek*, nor *Roman* streams would-flow along
 More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong ;
 Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal
 At once the weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

* The Duke of *Dorset*, with the concurrence of Mr.
B—y, most generously ordered a great number of trees
 to be cut down, to open the river *Avon* for the Jubilee.

A I R.

ODE ON LESTUE. 83

The heaven-born Cook appears ;
Now in the brightest colours gay,
Now quench'd in smoke he fades away,
In sweat, and fat, and tears.

O sweet Swan-pie ! ²⁴ long may thy stream
Of poignant gravy be the darling theme !
Not *Thames* himself, who in his silver course
Triumphant rolls along
Britannia's riches and her force,
Shall more harmonious flow in song.

O had those bards ²⁵, who charm the listening
shore,
Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,
And from their full and precious store
Vouchsaf'd this prelate-eaten pie ²⁶ their praise !
(Like that kind bounteous ²⁷ hand ²⁸,
Which lately gave the ravish'd eyes
Of CLERMONT's swains
A rich command
Of beef well-fed on flowery plains,
And loaves of groaning fize)
Nor *Greek*, nor *Roman* streams would flow along
More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong ²⁹;
Nor thus a *Shepherd's* ³⁰ feeble notes reveal
At once the weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

84 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

A I R.

I.

*Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would
dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.*

II.

*Thy love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.*

III.

*Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth,
And chearful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread;
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.*

IV.

*Flow on; silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!*

Though

A I R.

I.

*Thou soft-meadow'd Clermont, by thy silver groves,
Still dreaming of sauces LE STUE's spirit roves;
The goblins by moon-light dance round his green bed;
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.*

II.

*The pudding-pleas'd maiden, the pork-loving swain,
Here sigh for no victuals, no victuals in vain;
The sweet bud of beauty no hunger shall dread;
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.*

III.

*Here youth shall be fam'd for good-eating and truth,
And chearful old age have the stomachs of youth;
For the raptures of gravy here prelates shall tread;
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.*

IV.

*Then still may thy chimneys, O Clermont, thus smoke,
Thy kitchens be blest with so curious a cook!
Full wide like his fame may thy tables be spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head!*

86 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE,

Though bards with envy-aching eyes
Behold a towering eagle rise,
And would his flight retard ;
Yet each to *Shakespeare's* genius bows,
Each waves a garland for his brows,
To crown the heaven-distinguish'd Bard.
Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan,
And to the genius join'd the feeling man.
What though with more than mortal art,
Like *Neptune*, he directs the storm,
Lets loose like winds the passions of the heart,
To wreck the human form ;
Though from his mind rush forth the Demons to
destroy,
His heart ne'er knew but love, and gentleness,
and joy.

A I R.

*More gentle than the southern gale,
Which softly fans the blossom'd vale,
And gathers on its balmy wing
The fragrant treasures of the spring,
Breathing delight on all it meets,
" And giving, as it steals, the sweets."*

Look down, blest SPIRIT, from above,
With all thy wonted gentleness and love ;

And

Though bards³¹ with envy-aching eyes
 Behold a towering eagle rise,
 And ill his flight can brook ;
 Yet each to his bold genius bows,
 Each weaves a garland for his brows,

To crown the heaven-distinguish'd Cook.
 Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan,
 And to the genius join'd the tasteful man.

What though with more than mortal art,
 Like *Neptune*, he directs the storm
 Of boiling waves, or piles the strange desert
 In many a monstrous form ;
 Though from his dishes rush the Demons to de-
 stroy,
 His heart ne'er knew but love, and gentleness,
 and joy.

A I R.

*More gentle than the southern gale,
 Which softly fans the blossom'd vale,
 And gathers on its balmy wing
 The fragrant treasures of the spring,
 Breathing delight on all it meets,
 " And giving, as it steals, the sweets."*

Look down, blest SPIRIT, from above,
 With all thy wonted gentleness and love ;

88 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

And as the wonders of thy pen,
 By heaven inspir'd,
 To virtue fir'd,
 The charm'd, astonish'd, sons of men!
 With no reproach, even now, thou view'st thy
 work,
 To nature sacred as to truth,
 Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
 To taint the mind of youth.
 Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
 And, as thou gav'st it fame, that fame defend;
 And may no sacrilegious hand
 Near *Avon's* banks be found,
 To dare to parcel out the land,
 And limit SHAKESPEARE's hallow'd ground*.
 For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
 As broad, and general, as thy boundless mind.

Can *British* gratitude delay
 To him, the glory of this isle,
 To give the festive day,
 The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
 To him the first of poets, best of men?
 "We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

* This alludes to a design of inclosing a large common field at *Stratford*.

And as thy seasoning hand,
By heaven inspir'd,
With *Cayenne* fir'd

Each throat that bore the holy band!
With no reproach, even now, thou view'st thy
work,

To nature sacred as to truth,
There no alluring mischiefs lurk,
To taint the blood of youth.
To thy lov'd kitchen still thy smiles extend,
And, as thou gav'st it fame, that fame defend;
And may no sacrilegious hand

Near *Clermont's* groves be found,
Pursue the hated mischief plann'd,
And parcel out the hallow'd ground³².
For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
As broad, and general, as thy boundless mind.

Can *British* gratitude delay
To him, the glory of this isle,
To give the festive day,
The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
To him the first of Cooks, the best of men?
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

D U E T.

90 ODE ON SHAKESPEARE.

D U E T.

*Shall the hero laurels gain
For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain?
And shall his brows no laurels bind,
Who charms to virtue human-kind?*

C H O R U S.

We will—his brows with laurels bind,
Who charms to virtue human-kind:
 Raise the pile, the statue raise,
 Sing immortal SHAKESPEARE's praise!
The song will cease, the stone decay;
 But his name,
 And undiminish'd fame,
Shall never, never pass away.

NOTES.

ODE ON LE STUE. 91

D U E T.

*Shall the hero laurels gain
For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain?
And shall his brows no laurels bind,
Who charms the taste of human-kind?*

C H O R U S.

We will—his brows with laurels bind,
Who charms the taste of human-kind,
Raise the pile, the statue raise,
Sing *LE STUE'S* immortal praise!
The song will cease, the stone decay;
 But his name,
 And undiminish'd fame,
Shall never, never pass-away.

NOTES

N O T E S

O N T H E

O D E T O L E S T U E.

¹ *ACCORD to own.* Our melodious Poet, I profess, is somewhat harsh here.

² A lady in the service of the court, commonly known by the name of *Betty the Fruit-woman*.

³ Observe the beauty of the climax. Master *Le Sue* in the sixth line is a *lord*, in the seventh half a god! and in the fourteenth a whole god!

⁴ Marvellous beauty in the similarity of the two ideas, raising a song, and raising a house!

⁵ *To merit wonder*, is an expression of great novelty, and merits to be wondered at, no less than the nervous force of the verse in which it is to be found.

⁶ *Lift the soul from earth.* In this expression you feel yourself, as it were, raised gradually up. I have no patience with those Critics, who say that the languor and feebleness of the line conveys the idea of dropping to the earth. I say that *lifting* is a work of a slow movement.

⁷ Let awful silence silence the air. *Per anaphoram.*

⁸ The musicians, I suppose, are here called upon to prepare their instruments.

⁹ It hath been usual to give Fame only one trumpet; but our Poet boldly gives her more; and why not, seeing that she hath more than one aperture?

¹⁰ I am fearful that there is some defect here. The *sound* is to bear the *freight*; and yet the sound is *simply* the sound, and carries no *freight* either above or below deck.

The

¹¹ *The envious nations round!* How great is the beauty of nervous expression!

¹² Here again I profess our Poet hath nodded; for, *certes*, if his word could *not* make new worlds, it was *not* creative.

¹³ Nothing but the thought of Master *Le Stue's* dinner could have inspired the marvellous vigour of this line:

“To tell the wonders he has wrought!”

¹⁴ *Iterum dormitat Homerus!* It is too true that all the stew-pans do not foam. Longinus saith, that if there are forty gross faults in an Author, though his work is long, he is inexcusable. But he was a crabbed old Critic.

¹⁵ To controul slaves is, indeed, a very easy matter; to controul those who were not slaves, would have been something!

¹⁶ *The Vision only seems.* All visions only seem. But this pleonasm does not yet make up the *forty* faults.

¹⁷ *No bribing, shuffling there!* Here I must say, with my friend Bentleius, *Ecce scabiem linguæ!*

¹⁸ “The kettle growls.” Nothing can be more expressive. There are two kinds of noise peculiarly termed *growling*: that of a tanner’s dog under the first emotions of displeasure; and that of a fish-kettle when the water is on the point of boiling. To carry the idea higher will not do; for instance, to say that the thunder growls, would be as ridiculous as to say a growling cur thunders.

¹⁹ *They smile while they’re giving.* This is the most extraordinary smiling scene I have met with. I remember nothing like it, except a picture of Rembrandt’s, called *The Grinning Conversation*. Two old women are represented over a comfortable mug: one smiles whilst she’s giving; the other smiles at receiving.

To

²⁰ To compare the Appetites to Bees, has great beauty and propriety; because each have their stings: but to make them take the round-about way of climbing up *Le Stue's* knees to arrive at his brows, seems, at first sight, not so well contrived, as the creatures were of the winged kind. However, upon further consideration, when we find that these Bees were to crown his brows with roses, and reflect that one single Bee, so far from carrying a Rose in its mouth, could not, according to the Newtonian proportion of *strength to weight*, carry above the twentieth part of a Rose; it will appear that they had no other way to take, and that they must, with great pains and difficulty, in yokes of twenty or thirty, have dragged the Roses up the Cook's knees.

²¹ Sir *John Pudding*. See *Arbuthnot's* Dissertation on Dumplin.

²² *And the world, like a dumplin, is round.* It is with the utmost reluctance I own it; but, with all my partiality for the Poet, I cannot here defend the puerility of his thought.

²³ Some Critics may pretend that there is but little similarity between a Cook and a Pyramid of Sweet-meats. But I do affirm that there is at least as much resemblance as can be found between a Poet and a Rainbow. And men of mighty name have made use of that simile.

²⁴ This alludes to the so-much-celebrated Swanpie that was served up in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*. The Swan contained a Goose, and the Goose a Duck, and the Duck a Widgeon, and the Widgeon a Woodcock, and the Woodcock a Snipe, and the Snipe a Wheat-ear, and the Wheat-ear a Tom-tit, and the Tom-tit a Beetle.

²⁵ This is a curious trap, baited with affected modesty, for the safer indulgence of vanity. I *Mar-*

tinus

tinus Scriblerus have the honour to know the most celebrated Bards of both our Universities; and have authority to declare, that no application was made to them on this account. Our *Drury-Lane Shepherd* wanted not their assistance.

²⁶ This Pie had the honour to be eaten by three-and-twenty Bishops.

²⁷ *Kind, bounteous*, I fear is a tautology.

²⁸ His Grace the Duke of *Newcastle*, with the concurrence of his steward, most generously ordered a great number of peck-loaves and a whole ox to be given to the poor of *Clermont*, and opened his kitchen for the *Christmas*.

²⁹ The *sublime* strength of a stream is an idea peculiar to our *Shepherd*. But when he says the streams *flow along*, he must mean, at least his verse means, that they flow feebly, and not *sublimely strong*.

³⁰ It is not with any impropriety that our Poet here styles himself a Shepherd; having a number of sheep opposite his house at *Hampton*, with little bells about their necks, called *tintinnabula*, that make a tinkling harmony, something like this Poetry.

³¹ As it does not appear why Bards should envy the flight of an Eagle, some Critics would have us read *Birds*; and I am of opinion that this latter reading has the greater propriety.

³² This alludes to a design of dividing a large common Kitchen at *Clermont* into a Larder, Steward's Room, and Butler's Pantry.

TESTIMONIES

T O

The GENIUS and MERITS of *LE STUE*.

HANDEL

WHAT would I give for two such turtles !
Monsieur *LE STUE* has a wonderful gusto!

D. of NEWCASTLE.

He succeeds in these little things—What do you think of it, Mr. QUIN ?

QUIN.

I think, my Lord, that, if the devil should taste this turtle, he would make *LE STUE* prime minister of hell.

Bishop of LANDAFF.

So he would, as I hope to be saved.

D. of NEWCASTLE.

What say you, Mr. GARRICK ?

GARRICK.

The turtle, my Lord, is like—it is like the world ; wicked and round.

QUIN.

QUIN.

Flat! by G—!

NEVILLE MASKELYNE.

So is the world, Mr. QUIN! The simile will do still.

Bishop of LINCOLN.

It will so: for the turtle may be said to be wicked, as it leads people into temptation.

Dean of WINDSOR.

Exquisite calipash!

Bishop of CARLISLE.

Shall I give you a little of the *Pee*, Mr. Dean? The flavour is inimitable.

QUIN.

I once dined with WILKES at *Bath*, when there was a Miss ASH and a Miss GEE at table. He eat turtle like the devil; and the girls asked him, at last, where he could stow it.

Were I in bed with you, Miss ASH,

Or you, my dear Miss GEE:

I'd give to you the *Calipash*,

To you the *Calipee*.

98 T E S T I M O N I E S.

The turtle this way, my Lord! LE STUE dropped from heaven in a shower of gravy.

NEVILLE MASKELYNE.

How could he subsist? It is one million and five hundred thousand miles to the sun.

Q U I N.

He came with a cloud of beccaficos; and when he was hungry, they — in his mouth.

T E S T I

Ambu
Mend

T E S T I M O N I E S

T O

THE GENIUS AND MERIT

OF THE AUTHOR OF

THE ODE ON LE STUE.

THE comparison of LE STUE with ALEXANDER is happy; and there are few Poets to whom it would not have done credit. The similitude of the Dumplin to the world, in being round, is a fallacy of fancy that would have been distinguished in any composition.

HAWKESWORTH.

This Ode is the most harmonious, the most sublime; the softest, the sweetest; the wittiest, the prettiest; the most incomparable, the most inimitable performance, that ever appeared in this kingdom! *Encore! Encore! Encore!*

THE WHOLE CORPS OF DRURY
LANE THEATRE.

*Ambubiarum Collegia, Pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, Mimæ, Balatrones, Hoc GENUS OMNE!*

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME.
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE YEAR 1700.

THE SECOND VOLUME.
FROM THE YEAR 1700 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

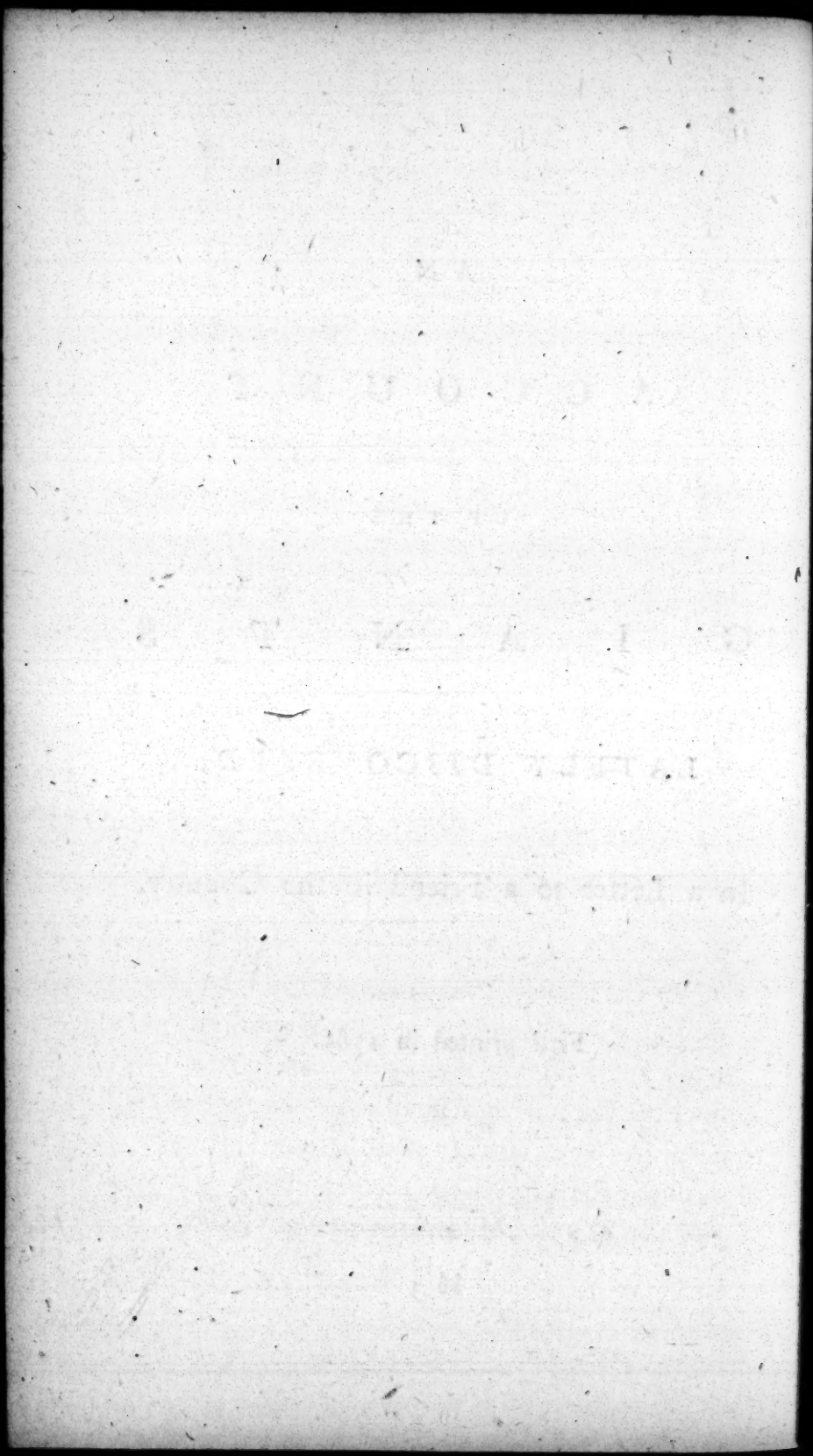
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AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
GIANTS
LATELY DISCOVERED;

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

First printed in 1766.



A N A C C O U N T

O F

THE GIANTS LATELY DISCOVERED.

Dear WILL,

THOUGH people in the country are enough disposed to believe wonders, yet are they prudently apt to suspend giving credit to all that are sent from London, except of a political cast. You good folks still believe in an uninterrupted generation of Patriots ; and, though they so seldom come to years of maturity, you trust in them as fast as they are produced in St. Stephen's Chapel. For other monstrous births, you are fonder of them the farther they come. Ghosts and Witches are entirely of your own growth. Excepting the famous Ghost of a Sound in Cock Lane, from which the Methodists expected such a rich harvest (for what might not a rising Church promise itself from such well-imagined nonsense as the Apparition of a Noise ?) ; I think many, many years have elapsed, since the Capital could boast of having regenerated a Spirit. Your sagacity will therefore incline you to doubt the marvellous account I am going to give you of a new-discovered race of Giants.

H 4

Perhaps

Perhaps you will take the relation for some political allegory, or think it a new-vamped edition of Swift's Brobdingnags. My good Friend, it is neither the one nor the other; though, I must own, a political mystery, and a wonderful one too, for it is really kept a secret.—The very crew of the ship, who saw five hundred of these lofty personages, did not utter a word of the matter for a whole year; and even now, that a general idea has taken wind, can scarce be brought to give any particulars to their most intimate friends.

All that the publick can yet learn is, that Capt. Byron and his men have seen on the coast of Patagonia five hundred Giants on horseback. Giants! you will cry; what do you call Giants? Why, my Friend, not men of fifty or an hundred feet high; yet still very personable Giants, and much taller than any individual ever exhibited at Charing-Cross. Come, what do you think of nine or ten feet high? and what do you think of five hundred such? Will Mrs. ——— cry, “Pish! that is no Giant; it is only a well-made man.”

I am told, for I am no reader of Travels, that this Gigantic nation was known to exist as early as the discovery of that continent: that Sir John Narborough mentions them; and of late years, Maupertuis. The Spaniards assert, that they have long been acquainted with their existence—So *they*, you see,

see, can keep a secret too. But the reasons given why we know so little of the matter are, that few ships ever touch on that coast, standing more out to sea, in order to double the Cape; and that these Giants are a roving nation, and seldom come down to the coast, and then, I suppose, only *to bob for Whales*.

You will be eager to know a great deal more than I can tell you; but thus much, I think, is allowed: That Captain Byron, being on that coast, saw a body of men at a distance, on very small horses; as they approached, he perceived that the horses were common-sized horses, but that the riders were enormously tall, though I do not hear that their legs trailed much on the ground. This was fine game for a man sent on discoveries. The Captain and part of his crew immediately landed; on which Messieurs the Giants as quickly retreated. Whether this timidity was owing to the terror which the English arms have struck into all parts of the known, and, I conclude, unknown world; whether they took Captain Byron for Mr. Pitt; whether they took our men for Spaniards, whose name must be in horror to all Americans; or whether they had any apprehensions of fire-arms; I cannot tell. Be this as it may, the more the Captain and his men advanced, the faster the Giants kept trotting off. Seeing this, the Captain took a bold and sensible resolution:

resolution: he ordered his men to lay down their arms and remain stock-still, himself alone advancing. I doubt much whether Homer would have cared to venture his Jupiter alone against five hundred Titans.

Captain Byron's Titans had more of the *scavoir vivre*; and, seeing him advance alone, stopped. He came up with them, and addressed them in all the languages he knew, and that they did not. They replied in the Giant-tongue, which, I am told, a very reverend Critic, upon the strength of one syllable which the Captain remembered, affirms is plainly Phœnician. The Captain, not being master of that exceedingly useful and obsolete language, had the misfortune of not comprehending a word they said. Had he been a deep Scholar, he would undoubtedly have had recourse to Hieroglyphics; which, the Learned tell us, was the first way of conveying instruction: but I must beg leave to observe, that it was very lucky the Captain had not so much erudition. I do not know whether he can *draw* or not; but most probably, if he can, he had not his implements with him; at most, perhaps, a black-lead pencil, or a pen and ink, and the cover of a letter. He could not with such tools have asked many questions; and, as the Giants are probably not better Painters than the Egyptians, he would have understood their answers as little as the

Learned

Learned do the figures on obelisks. Thus he would have lost his time, and got no information: or, what is worse to every man but a Critic, have made a thousand absurd guesses. The Captain having a great deal more sense, and the savages some, they naturally fell into that *succedaneum* to language, Signs. Yet I do not hear that either side gained much information.

The first thing, or rather first sign, he said to them in this dilemma, was, *sit down*; which he explained by sitting down on the ground himself. The poor good Giants understood him, dismounted, and sat down too. It is said, but far be it from me to affirm it, that when the Captain (who I am told is upwards of six feet) rose again, the nearest Giant to him, though sitting, was taller than he.

An hour or two was spent in fruitlessly endeavouring to understand one another: all, I hear, the Captain comprehended was, that the Giants invited him very civilly to go with them into the woods, where, I suppose, Gigantopolis stands, and their king resides, who, no doubt, is at least two feet taller than the tallest of his grenadiers. The Captain declined the offer; at which these polite savages expressed much concern, but never once, as any still more polite people would have done, attempted to force him.

When

When he took his leave, they remained motionless; and continued so, as he observed by his glasses, till the ship was out of their sight.

Very few other particulars are come to my knowledge, except that they were cloathed in skins of beasts, and had their eyes painted of different colours; that they had no weapons, but spears pointed with fish-bones; that they devour fish raw; and that they shewed great repugnance to taste any liquids offered to them by the Captain; and that, though they were too polite absolutely to refuse his toast, they spit the liquor out of their mouths again; whether from apprehension of intoxication or poison, is not certain: however, it looks as if they had some notion of such European arts. What is more remarkable, the weather being very severe at that season, the whole Colossal troop seemed as sensible of the cold, and shivered like us little delicate mortals of six feet high. They had a few Giantesses with them; but, as the Captain did not survey them with the small end of his spying-glass, I do not hear that he was much struck with their charms.

This, my dear Friend, is all the satisfaction I can give you. However, I am proud to be the first who has communicated this important discovery to Europe.

The speculations it has already occasioned, and will occasion, are infinite. The Wolf of the Gevaudan,

vaudan, that terror of the French Monarchy, is already forgotten. Naturalists, Politicians, Divines, and Writers of Romance, have a new field opened to them. The scale of Being ascends; we mount from the Pigmies of Lapland to the Giants of Patagonia.

You will ask, but I cannot answer you, whether the scale of the country is in proportion to such inhabitants? whether their oaks are half as lofty again as the British? and such is your zeal for England, you will already figure a fleet built of their timber. How large is the grain of their Corn? of what size their Sheep, Cows, and Poultry? Do not go and compute by Gulliver's measures, and tell me that a populous nation of such dimensions would devour the products of such a country as Great Tartary in half a year. Giants there are; but what proportionable food they have, except Elephants and Leviathans, is more than I can tell. They probably do not live upon Bantam Chicken.

As you are still more of a Politician than a Naturalist, you will be impatient to know if Captain Byron took possession of the country for the Crown of England; and to have his Majesty's style run, **GEORGE** the Third, by the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britain, France, Ireland, and the Giants!* You will ask, why some of their women were not brought away to mend our breed, which, all good Patriots

Patriots assert, has been dwindling for some hundreds of years; and whether there is any gold or diamonds in the country? Mr. Whitfield wants to know the same thing; and, it is said, intends a visit, for the conversion of these poor blinded Savages.

As soon as they are properly civilized, that is, enslaved, due care will undoubtedly be taken to specify in their Charter, that these Giants shall be subject to the Parliament of Great Britain, and shall not wear a sheep's skin that is not legally stamped. A riot of Giants would be very unpleasant to an infant Colony. But experience, I hope, will teach us, that the invaluable liberties of Englishmen are not to be wantonly scattered all over the globe. Let us enjoy them ourselves; but they are too sacred to be communicated. If Giants once get an idea of freedom, they will soon be our masters instead of our slaves. But what pretensions can they have to freedom? They are as distinct from the common species as Blacks, and, by being larger, may be more useful: I would advise our prudent Merchants to employ them in the Sugar trade; they are capable of more labour; but even then they must be worse treated, if possible, than our Black Slaves are; they must be lamed and maimed, and have their spirits well broken, or they may become dangerous. This too will give a little respite to Africa,
where

where we have half exhausted the human, I mean, the Black breed, by that wise maxim of our Planters, that, if a Slave lives four years, he has earned his purchase-money, consequently you may afford to work him to death in that time.

The Mother Country is not only the first, but ought to be the sole, object of our political considerations. If we once begin to extend the idea of the love of our Country, it will embrace the Universe, and consequently annihilate all notion of our Country. The Romans, so much the object of modern admiration, were with difficulty persuaded to admit even the rest of Italy to be their Countrymen. The true Patriots never regarded any thing without the walls of Rome, except their own *villas*, as their Country. Every thing was done for immortal Rome; and it was immortal Rome that did every thing. Conquered nations, which to them answered to discovered nations with us, for they conquered as fast as they discovered, were always treated accordingly; and it is remarkable, that two men equally famous for their eloquence have been the only Two that ever had the weakness to think that conquered Countries were entitled to all the Blessings of the Mother Country. Cicero treated Sicily and Cilicia as tenderly as the district of Arpinum; and I doubt it was the folly of that example that misled his too exact Imitator on a late occasion.

caſion. However, the Giants muſt be impreſſed with other ideas. Bleſs us ! if, like that pigmy old Oliver, they ſhould come to think the Speaker's mace a bauble !

What have we to do with America, but to conquer, enſlave, and make it tend to the advantage of our commerce ? Shall the nobleſt rivers in the World roll for Savages ? ſhall mines teem with gold for the natives of the ſoil ? and ſhall the world produce any thing but for England, France, and Spain ? It is enough that the overflowings of riches in thoſe three countries are every ten years waſted in Germany.

Still, my political Friend, I am not for occupying Patagonia, as we did Virginia, Carolina, &c. Such might be the politics of Queen Elizabeth's days. But modern improvements are wiſer. If the Giants in queſtion are maſters of a rich and flouriſhing Empire, I think they ought to be put under their Majeſties, a Weſt-Indian Company ; the Directors of which may retail out a ſmall portion of their imperial revenues to the Proprietors, under the name of a DIVIDEND. This is an excellent ſcheme of Government, totally unknown to the Ancients. I can but think how poor Livy, or Tacitus, would have been hampered, in giving an account of ſuch an *imperium in imperio*. Caſſimirus Alius Caunus (for they Latinized every proper name,

name, instead of delivering it as uncountly pronounced by their soldiers and sailors) would have founded well enough : but Dividends, Discounts, India Bonds, &c. were not made for the majesty of History. But I am wandering from my subject; though, while I am talking of the Stocks and Funds, I could chalk out a very pretty new South-Sea scheme, *à-propos* to the Patagonians. It would not ruin above half the nation; and would make the fortunes of such industrious gentlemen as, during the want of a war in Germany, cannot turn Commissaries.

Command is the object of every man's ambition; but, by the impolitic assent of ages and nations to Hereditary monarchy, you must be begotten on a Queen, or are for ever excluded from wearing a diadem, except in a very few instances; as in Poland, where the Throne is elective; in Corsica, where they will not acknowledge Hereditary Right in the Republic of Genoa; in Russia, where a Soldier's Trull succeeded her husband the Czar, and where there are other ways of succeeding a Husband; in Peru, where they are tired of exchanging their Gold for Tyrants; and in Paraguay, where the Outcasts of the Earth, and the Inventors of the Oath of Obedience, have thrown off all submission to their Prince, and, having mounted the Throne, will probably renounce the Oath of Chastity too.

But it is to England that persons of the lowest birth are indebted for the invention and facility of wielding at least part of a scepter. Buy but an India Bond, and you have a property in the Kingdom of Bengal. Rise to be a Director, and the Mogul has not more power of appointing and displacing Nabobs. Indian Sovereigns may now be born in Threadneedle-street.

What the Government means, by pocketing a whole nation of Giants, is not to be conceived. It ought again to draw down the vengeance of their antagonists on the present Ministers. I am sure, they have done nothing worse. Who knows but at this instant they may be preparing to pour in forty or fifty thousand Giants upon us? Their love of liberty, their tenderness for the constitution, their lenity, mildness, and disinterestedness, their attention to the merchants, in short, all their virtues, may be affected, and only calculated to lull us asleep, until the fatal blow is struck. I own, my apprehensions are gloomy; yet, thank God, we have a pretty tall Opposition, who will not suffer us to be enslaved by any thing higher than themselves.

In the mean time, till we know something of the matter, it is to be hoped that all speculative Authors, who are so kind as to govern and reform the world through the channel of the News-papers, will

THE GIANTS LATELY DISCOVERED. 115

will turn their thoughts to plans for settling this new-acquired country. I call it new-acquired, because whoever finds a country, though nobody has lost it, is from that instant intitled to take possession of it, for himself or his Sovereign. Europe has no other title to America; except force and murder, which are rather the executive parts of Government, than a right. Though Spain pretends a knowledge of our Giants, she has forfeited all pretensions to their allegiance by concealing the discovery; as is plain from the decision of the Canon Law, tit. "De novis Regionibus non abscondendis."

The first thought that will occur to every good Christian is, that this race of Giants ought to be exterminated, and their country colonized; but I have already mentioned the great utility that may be drawn from them in the light of Slaves. I have also said, that a moderate importation might be tolerated, for the sake of mending our breed; but I would by no means come into a project I have heard dropped, and in which propagation would not be concerned; I mean, the scheme of bringing over a number of Giants for second husbands to Dowagers. Ireland is already kept in a state of humiliation. We check their trade, and do not allow them to avail themselves of the best-situated harbours in the world. Matrimony is their only branch of com-

merce unrestricted; and it would be a most crying injustice to clog that too.

In truth, we are not sufficiently acquainted with these Goliaths, to decide peremptorily on their properties. No account of them has been yet transmitted to the Royal Society*: but it would be exceedingly adviseable, that a Jury of Matrons should be sent in the next embarkation, to make a report; and, old Women for old Women, I would trust to the analysis of the Matrons, in preference to that of the Philosophers.

I will now, my Friend, drop the political part of this discussion, and inform you what effect this phenomenon has had on another set of men. It has started an obvious and very perplexing question, *viz.* whether these Giants are *Aborigines*; if they are not, from which of the sons of Noah are they descended? and in that case how shall we account for this extraordinary increase of stature?

The modern philosophers are peremptory that these Giants are *Aborigines*; that is, that their country has been inhabited by Giants from the creation of the world. The Scriptures, say those gentlemen, mention Giants, but never posterior to

* An account of these formidable men appeared, soon after, in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. LVII. p. 75, dated Nov. 3, 1766; which bordered so nearly on the marvellous, that it was deemed by many an imposition on that respectable Society.

the Flood ; whence we ought to believe that they perished in the general deluge. Neither, add they, are we told that any son of Noah was of stature supereminent to his brethren. Yet we will suppose, say they, that some of their descendants might have shot-up to an extraordinary height, without notice being taken of it in Sacred Writ. Nay, they allow that this increase of stature might not have appeared till after the date of Holy Writ. Yet is it credible, say they, that a race of Giants should have been formed, and remain unknown to all ages, all nations, all history ? Did these Monsters pass unobserved from the most Eastern part of the continent (the supposed communication by which America was peopled) to the Northern parts of the other world, and migrate down that whole continent to the most Southern point of it, without leaving any trace, even by tradition, in the memory of mankind ? Or are we to believe, that tribes of Giants sailed from Africa to America ? What vessels wafted them ? Was Navigation so perfected in the infant-ages of the world, that fleets, enormously larger than any now existing, were constructed for the transportation of a race of Polyphemes ? or, to come to the third point, is it the climate that has ripened them (as Jamaica swells Oranges to Shaddocks) to this stupendous volume ? But North and South of them are men of the ordinary size ; nor

has the same latitudes produced any thing similar. Natural Philosophers cannot account for it, therefore Divines certainly can; and, when this people shall be better known, I do not doubt but the mystery will be cleared up; for, as these Giants have indubitably remained unmixed longer than any other people, we shall probably discover stronger traces of their Jewish origin. Their cult is in all likelihood less corrupted from that of the sons of Noah, than is to be found elsewhere; their language possibly the genuine Hebrew, not Phœnician; and, if I might hazard a conjecture, these Giants are probably the descendants of the *ten tribes* so long lost, and so fruitlessly sought by the Learned; and, having deviated less from the true Religion of their forefathers, may have been restored to, or preserved in, their primitive stature and vigour. I offer this opinion with much modesty, though I think it more reasonable than any hypothesis I have yet heard on the subject.

Whatever their Religion shall appear to be, it will be matter of great curiosity. We scarce know of any people, except the Hottentots, or the Heroes who lived in the days of Fingal, among whom no traces of any Religious notions or worship have been discovered.

If they are not Jews, but Idolaters, the statues of their Divinities, their sacrificing-instruments, or whatever

whatever are the trinkets of their devotion, will be great rarities, and worthy of a place in any Museum.

Their Poetry will be another object of enquiry; and, if their minds are at all in proportion to their bodies, must abound in the most lofty images, in the true sublime. Oh! if we could come at an Heroic Poem penned by a Giant! We should see other images than our puny Writers of Romance have conceived; and a little different from the cold tale of a late notable Author*, who did not know better what to do with his Giant than to make him grow till he shook his own castle about his own ears.

In short, my good Friend, here is ample room for speculation: but I hope we shall go calmly and systematically to work; that we shall not exterminate these poor Monsters, till we are fully acquainted with their History, Laws, Opinions, Police, &c.; that we shall not convert them to Christianity, only to cut their throats afterwards; that

* The Author here alluded to is certainly the Gentleman who some time before gave to the Publick that very pleasing Romance, intituled, "The Castle of Otranto." Perhaps a careful perusal of the present performance, and an attentive comparison thereof with other pieces of humour known to be written by the same hand, will lead to a very probable conjecture concerning the Author of this excellent and humorous "Account of the Giants."

nobody will beg a million of acres of Giant-land, till we have determined what to do with the present occupiers; and that we shall not throw away fifteen or twenty thousand men in conquering their country, as we did at the Havannah, only to restore it to the Spaniards! Yours,

July 1, 1766.

S. T.

THE

THE SPLENDID SHILLING;

THE CROOKED SIXPENCE;

THE COPPER FARTHING;

AND

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

THE SECOND EDITION

THE SECOND EDITION

THE SECOND EDITION

THE SECOND EDITION

THE SECOND EDITION

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

By Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS.

— Sing, heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who void of care and strife,
 In filken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. He nor hears with pain
 New oysters' cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall *, repairs:
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloe or Phyllis; he each circling glass
 Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or *pun* ambiguous, or *conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Two noted ale-houses in Oxford, 1700.

124 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale *mundungus*, ill-perfuming scent!
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smoaks Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale); when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian-cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at the Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a *dunn*,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my ærial citadel ascends;
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gates,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole! strait my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)

THE SPLENDID SHILLING. 125

My tongue forgets her faculty of speech:
So horrible he seems! his faded brows,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!): behind him
stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Ere have endued : if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor ; strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)

Grimalkin.

126 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
 Arachne, in a hall, or kitchen, spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She towering flies to her expected spoils;
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts

My

THE SPLENDID SHILLING. 127

My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.

Meanwhile, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :

But, if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale :

In vain ! awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, *john-apple*, nor the downy *peach*,
Nor *walnut*, in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor *medlar*, fruit delicious in decay :

Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship

Long

128 THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian : till, cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks),
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 pray ;
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in
 Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

By Dr. BRAMSTON*.

*——— Sing, Maiden Muse,**Sixpence, Hoop-petticoat, and Church on fire.*

HAPPY the maid, who, from green-sickness
free,

In canvas or in Holland pocket bears
A crooked Sixpence. She envieth not
New-married folks, nor sighs at others banns.
At eve, when Sol this hemisphere forsakes,
She to her needle or her wheel repairs.
Then, not unmindful of the man, dear man,
Whose faith, by promises and amorous oaths,
And crooked Sixpence, was to her betroth'd,
William or Thomas; at her work she cries,
His year next March is up, and so is mine.
Meanwhile he shoes japans, or, buckling wigs,
Sings Durfey's songs by Purcellini set.

But I, who in my head bear pain, and draw
Short breath, attendant sure on sickness-green,

* Author of *The Man of Taste*, *The Art of Politics*, &c. See *Dodsley's Collection of Poems*, Vol. I.

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K

With

130 THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

With cinders, or with mortar from the wall,
Wretched repast! my fading flesh disdain!
In chimney-corner close I poking sit,
Nor ever stir spontaneous, scarce when call'd.
I loll, I stretch, I yawn, and from a tub
(Like that whence Burgeſs preach'd) oatmeal pur-
loin,

Oatmeal, unſalutary food if raw!

More wholeſome than yclep'd *burgeſt*, which feeds
North-Britiſh lad, full famous in records
Of England's chronicle for ſelling kings,
When he o'er hoary hills, or craggy cliffs,
Or rugged rocks, where eagles build their neſt,
Rides on a galloway, though ſmall, yet ſtrong.
Voy'ging from Dungbay Head through ſheriffdoms
Barren and bleak, with chequer'd plaid ſuperb,
Intent with clipp'd Jacobuſes to buy
French wine in Luſitanian casks ypent,
Which well-paid perjurers vouch all for port,
Though they perhaps the growth of Bourdeaux be,
Chatteau, Margout, or the renown'd Pontack.

Thus while in qualms my heavy moments creep,
Awight, in habit velvet all and gold,
Formal and fine, dread monſter! doctor hight,
With ſolemn face into the kitchen ſtalks.
His bony fingers thrice my pulſe aſſay;
Thrice ſecrets deep he aſks; ſurpriz'd, I dread
The voice obſcene, and hate the ſickly ſound.

What

What shall I do? Amaz'd, confounded, dumb
 I stand, nor answer give to his demands,
 Nauseous to virgin ears; my frizzled hair
 Stands upright, to its roof my tongue sticks dry,
 Retentive faculty my bowels lose,
 So horrible he seems.—His horse-hair wig
 Stiffen'd with angry curls, his agate cane
 And gilded sword (too oft by cowards worn)
 Disastrous deeds forebode; in his right-hand
 The desperate pen he takes, which, ting'd with ink,
 Strange characters and figures dire inscribes,
 Illegible to maid, or man, or witch.

Oh, may such plagues averted ever be
 From modest spinsters! Lo! behind him sneaks
 Another mortal, not unlike himself,
 Of jargon full, with terms obscure o'ercharg'd,
 Apothecary call'd, whose foetid hands
 With power mechanic, and with charms arcane,
 Apollo, god of Medicine, has endued.
 If he gilt pills, powder, or bolus brown,
 Haply into the open mouth convey
 Of patient; streight his body to the dose
 Obsequious (as erst La Mancha's knight)
 Is to a feather-bed well-warm'd convey'd:
 Sheets never to be chang'd, and watchful nurse
 The captive wretch incarcerate, till Time,
 The best physician, set the patient free.

132 THE CROOKED SIXPENCE.

Beware, ye virgins, of your health beware;
 Be circumspect to romp or run; ascend
 The mountain's airy top; th' empiric crew
 Will else oft visit your abode, by fees
 Of gold allur'd, and dangerous symptoms find.
 Prompt to torment some pale unthriving wench
 With griping buck-thorn, or with lancet sharp
 To pierce the shivering arm. So, poets sing,
 Sow-gelder erst, to calves, pigs, colts, and lambs,
 Sworn everlasting foe, with goggling eyes,
 To stables, sties, or cow-pens, early comes,
 Protending his fell knife, to thoughtless bulls
 Sure ruin. So, in undiscerning night,
 Myriads of Fairies, by their monarch led,
 To infants cradles, or to nursery-rooms,
 In ferried files march on. Meanwhile the babe,
 Secure in innocence, sleeps sound and smiles.
 The peers and peeresses, with Oberon's self,
 Great Oberon, of Fairy realms supreme,
 Within one circle all, in dance and song,
 And midnight music, move their tiny feet.
 Nurse hears, or thinks she hears, 'twixt sleep and
 wake,
 Loud sounds, unseen, delightful to the ear:
 But Fairy fiddles lull again to sleep.
 Eftsoons king Oberon and twelve chosen men,
 With scaling ladders of Dutch thread compact,
 The cradle mount, collecting all their might:

The

The burthen of the ponderous child they raise,
 Inexorable; nor will aught avail
 Bright eyes, loud tears, or limbs proportion'd well,
 For pigmy brat they change the bouncing boy,
 And to their own abodes, where'er they be,
 The harmless babe with Io Pæans drag.

So pass my days. But, when a wake or fair
 Comes on, and calls the joyous damsels forth;
 When swains, in leathern galligaskins clad,
 Treat nymphs with cyder, sparkling drink and
 sweet;

In melancholy hall, or kitchen wide,
 I cough deserted; partner for the dance
 None chuses me; none on the beachen bark
 My name inscribes; no brawny batchelor
 Hangs over me enamour'd. Singly sad,
 My woe through three times fix revolving years
 I count; no jolly Joe, nor sober Sam,
 The matrimonial question e'er propos'd,
 Or crooked Sixpence offer'd to divide.
 Amidst the horrors of long wintry nights
 I sigh, my heart into my white-rann'd shoes
 With palpitation sinks. I ponder now
 Where rats-bane's sold, and now again the well
 I view irresolute, and oft the strength
 Of my own garters try. Peevish I pine,
 And fret, and rave, and wish; my roving mind
 Finds no relief, my rolling eyes no sleep.

But, if the stranger Morpheus does invade
 My painful limbs, my fancy, still awake,
 Thoughtful of man, and eager, in a dream,
 Imaginary blisses gives and takes :
 In vain ! awake, I find myself alone,
 Unless'd, alas ! and curse the backward sex.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite cut off.
 Fairing to me no generous carter brings,
 No pears, no ginger-bread, though brown, yet
 sweet ;

No filberts I, nor walnuts crack, nor squeeze
 The china orange through its tawny coat.
 Troubles immense, though mightier still remain.
 My whale-bone hoop, that has so long withstood
 Pales, pots, and doors, and with circumferencewide
 My virtuous limbs enclos'd, by frequent sparks
 Of fire's destroy'd (what will not fire destroy !).
 The splinter'd ribs crack, break, and pierce amain
 My wounded skin. In rags the canvas hangs ;
 The seven-fold circlets of the fluttering hoop,
 Uplifted, yields to every blast of wind,
 Southern, or Western, or the bleak North-east,
 North-east, that sinks the hearts of hippish souls.
 Till whale-bone, twitcher, petticoat, and all,
 Descend with clangor to the rattling hearth.
 So when of some great church the cupola,
 Or minster of renown'd metropolis,
 York, Canterbury, or the height of Paul's,

Resisting

Resisting long the jaws of ravenous Time,
 The summer's thunder, and the winter's wind,
 Fam'd many centuries for its stately strength,
 Upon some fatal unexpected day,
 Smit by the rapid lightning's forked gleam,
 Admits the flame; the melted lead runs down:
 Their own destruction sapless beams increase:
 The neighbours with astonishment are seiz'd;
 They stare, they scream, they help, they steal,
 they run.

Endeavours vain! Unconquer'd, unextinct,
 Flames domineer aloft; far off resounds
 The rack of chancels, and the crush of aisles;
 High turrets hasten to the vaults below,
 And proud cathedrals *tumble* to the *ground*.

The COPPER FARTHING.

By Miss PENNINGTON*.

HAPPY the boy, who dwells remote from
 School,
 Whose pocket, or whose rattling-box, contains
 A Copper Farthing! he nor grieving hears
 Hot cheese-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies;
 But with his play-mates, in the dusk of eve,
 To well-known blacksmith's shop, or church-
 yard, hies;
 Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
 Marbles, or chuck, he instantly begins,
 With undissembled pleasure in his face,

* This lady died in the year 1759, aged 25. The following character of her, by Mr. *Duncombe*, is extracted from that Gentlemen's Poem called "The *Feminead*," vol. IV. *Pearch's Collection of Poems*, p. 184.

"Nor shall thy much-lov'd *Pennington* remain
 "Unsung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.
 "See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
 "The fairy ground that *Phillips* trod before,
 "Exalts her chemic wand, and swift behold
 "The basest metals ripen into gold:
 "Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
 "We view vile copper with pure sterling eye:
 "Nor shall the Farthing, sung by her, forbear
 "To claim the praises of the smiling fair;
 "Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
 "The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy."

To

THE COPPER FARTHING. 137

To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
 While I, confin'd within the hated walls
 Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
 By still more hated books environ'd, I,
 With tedious lessons and long task to get,
 My dismal thoughts employ; or wield my pen
 To mark dire characters on paper white:
 Not blunter pen or stronger character
 Uses the sage, a chiromancer hight,
 Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
 Amenophis, or Ptolemy, when he,
 In search of stolen calf, or money lost,
 For wondering plowman does his art employ;
 Or for the wish'd return of sweet-heart dear,
 Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
 For country-maid consults directing stars,
 Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.

Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend,
 With magisterial look, and solemn step,
 Appears my school-master, tremendous wight!
 Dreaded by truant boys; how can I 'scape
 Th' expected punishment for task ungot?
 Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
 Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head;
 So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
 My limbs the power to fly; slow he ascends
 Th' appointed seat, and on his right-hand lies
 'The bushy rod compos'd of numerous twigs,

Torn

138 THE COPPER FARTHING.

Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow,
 Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
 For the neglected task, a poignant smart;
 And with him comes another mighty elf,
 Yclep'd an usher; ah, terrific name
 To lesser wights! who, if they hapless place
 In station wrong, pronoun or participle,
 Strait, by the magic of his voice, are rais'd
 In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
 Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
 Till, by their dolorous plaints, that pierce the skies,
 They draw kind Pity, moist-eyed goddess, down,
 To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
 Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
 For, when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
 And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
 Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells,
 That chancicleer, on dunghill's top elate,
 With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
 Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
 May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
 To which his maw insatiate forebodes
 Certain destruction, while, behind or bush,
 Or pale encompassing the farmer's yard,
 Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
 T' ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
 Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
 He strait purloins them from her careful wing,

With

THE COPPER FARTHING. 139

With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
Relentless ; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
His heart obdurate move ; instant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering flesh,
Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round
(That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
The slaughter'd prey), to tell the hapless tale.

Thus joyless do I spend those hours the sun
Illuminates ; and, when the silver moon
Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance,
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay plowman does his partner chuse
As love or fate directs ; or o'er the lawn
The needle thread, or tofs the bounding ball ;
All cheerless I, nor dance, nor pleasing sport,
Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
Partake : but, on her drooping raven wing,
Sad Melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale Envy rankles deep within my breast,
And baneful venom sheds. Grim Horror too
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white shrouds
Array'd, and rattling chains and yelling ghosts
Irafcible ! or Fancy, mimic queen,

To

140 THE COPPER FARTHING.

To swift imagination's eye presents
 A group of tiny elves, in circling dance,
 Or luscious feast employ'd ; such elves as danc'd
 When Oberon did fair Titania wed ;
 While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
 For Liberty, dear object of my hopes,
 The tedious moments spend ; or if, perchance,
 Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids close,
 Dear Liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
 And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
 Which waking are denied ; and beat the hoop
 With dextrous hand, or run with feet as swift
 As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow ;
 Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
 It was illusion all, and mockery vain.

Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn, I pass
 The tardy hours, nor of those viands taste,
 Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd,
 In plenteous manner, by the liberal hand
 Of friend indulgent ; apple-pye, or tart,
 Or trembling custard of delicious *goût*,
 Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl.
 Hard fate for me ! Yet harder still betides
 Me, hapless youth ! My faithful top, that oft
 Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
 My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement
 smooth,
 It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand

Does

THE COPPER FARTHING. 141

Does ample justice, now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather
To time and destiny's relentless doom
A miserable victim, quite decay'd
With many services, and cleft throughout,
All useless lies; ah! fight of saddest woe
To wretched me! of every hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* dwells,
Beholds the sulphurous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet;
Till with a horrid yawn it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are lost, in ruin terrible!

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

Multa tulit, fecitque Puer. HOR.

THREE happy he, whose hours the chear-
 ing smiles
 Of Freedom bless; who wantons uncontroll'd
 Where ease invites, or Pleasure's syren voice;
 Him the stern tyrant with his iron scourge
 Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
 Of galling chain; but, when the blushing morn
 Purples the East, with eager transport wild,
 O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed
 He bounds exulting, as in full career
 With horns, and hounds, and thundring shouts,
 he drives
 The flying stag; or when the dusky shades
 Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
 To neighbouring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
 With boon companion, where they drown their
 cares
 In sprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.
 Far otherwise within these darksome walls,
 Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
 And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
 I spend my joyless days; ere dawn appears,
 Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound

Of

Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke
 Chills my heart-blood, all trembling, I descend
 From dreary garret, round whose antient roof,
 Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
 Perpetual raves, and fierce-descending rains
 Discharge their fury—dire, lethargic dews
 Oppress my drowsy sense; still fancy teems
 With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
 Or Poets sing, or fabled tale records,
 Presents transporting visions; goblets crown'd
 With juice of nectar, or the food divine
 Of rich ambrosia, tempting to the sight!
 While, in the shade of some embowering grove,
 I lie reclin'd, or through Elysian plains
 Enraptur'd stray; where every plant and flower
 Send forth an odorous smell, and all the air
 With songs of love and melody resounds.
 Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
 As with slow faltering footsteps I resort
 To where, of antique mold, a lofty dome
 Rears its tremendous front; here all at once
 From thousand different tongues a mighty hum
 Assaults my ear; loud as the distant roar
 Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
 Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
 Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,
 Assembled, in one general peal unite
 Of dreadful jargon.—Strait on wooden bench

I take my seat, and con with studious care
 Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
 Poring intent, and sage Athenian Bard,
 With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
 And conjugations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him
 Who erst, extended on the burning lake,
 Lay floating many a rood;) his fullen brow,
 With lowering frowns and fearful glooms o'er cast,
 Enters the pedagogue; terrific sight!
 An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
 Luxuriant waving down his shoulders plays;
 His right-hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff,
 His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,
 Call'd by the vulgar *bireb*, Tartarean root,
 Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
 Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
 A ghastly furrow leave.—A solemn pause ensues;
 As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
 Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
 Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
 His awful brow.—Sudden the furious winds
 Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their
 rage:

Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
 An humble metaphor) the sportive race
 Of nibbling Heroes, bent on wanton play,

Beneath

Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
 In many an airy circle wheel around ;
 Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
 Beholds Grimalkin ; instant they disperse,
 In headlong flight, each to his secret cell ;
 If haply he may scape impending fate.

Thus ceas'd the general clamour ; all remain
 In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the pedagogue throughout the
 dome

His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing stars,
 Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
 To shed their baleful influence ; whilst his voice,
 Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
 Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs re-
 found !

A sudden paleness gathers in my face ;
 Through all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,
 Cold as the dews of death ; nor heed my eyes
 Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
 Ken the fell monster ; from my trembling hands
 The time-worn volume drops ; oh, dire presage
 Of instant woe ! for now the mighty sound,
 Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
 Strikes my astonish'd ears : transfix'd with awe,
 And senseless for a time, I stand ; but soon,
 By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
 Obey the dire injunction ; strait I loose

Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the back oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer; nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds, with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curst be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barbarous weapons, bitter
cause

Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan,
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groan'd and toil'd beneath the merciless weight
By stern relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges too, and cudgels, were reserv'd
To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life
Loading with heavier ills! a life expos'd
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
Cut off from every genial source of bliss;
From every bland amusement, wont to soothe
The youthful breast; except when father Time,
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
That gives this meagre, pining figure back

To parent fondness, and its native roofs!
 Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my towering
 soul

Rises superior to its load, and spurns
 Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
 My fancy riots in successive scenes
 Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are laid
 How best the fleeting moments to improve,
 Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are fled,
 Scarce one short moon enjoy'd; (oh! transient state
 Of sublunary bliss!) by bitter change,
 And other scenes succeeded, what fierce pangs
 Then rack my soul! what ceaseless floods of grief
 Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive
 throbs

Heave all my frame, and choak the power of speech!
 Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
 Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
 And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
 In vain; for what can aught avail to soothe
 Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
 Before my eyes in all its horror glares
 That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
 The thundering scourge—ah me! e'en now I feel
 Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
 That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
 Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length return'd

148 THE SCHOOL-BOY.

Within these hated walls, again I mourn
 A fullen prisoner, till the wish'd approach
 Of joyous holiday or festive play
 Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
 With thee, declining Sol! All hail, ye fires
 For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names,
 In large conspicuous characters portray'd,
 Adorn the annual chronologic page
 Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when fore oppress'd
 With dire calamities, the glad return
 Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
 My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
 Illustrious George; for much to thee I owe
 Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
 Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
 Or hurl the mounting rocket through the air,
 Or fiery whizzing serpent; thus thy name
 Shall still be honour'd, as through future years
 The circling Seasons roll their festive round.

Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd,
 I spring the neighbouring fence, and scale the
 trunk

Of apple-tree, or wide, o'er flowery lawns,
 By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
 Intent, with secret ambush, to surprize
 The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood
 Of thrush or bull finch; oft with watchful ken
 Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance

Observe

Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf,
 Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears :
 Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,
 I plunge into the limpid stream, that laves
 The silent vale ; or, on its grassy banks,
 Beneath some oak's majestic shade recline,
 Envy'ing the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
 Their boon of freedom ; till the distant sound
 Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.

Thus under tyrant-power I groan, oppress'd
 With worse than slavery ; yet my free born soul
 Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
 Menace, or taunt, from proud insulting peer ;
 But summons to the field the doughty foe
 In single combat, 'midst th' impartial throng,
 There to decide our fate : oft too, inflam'd
 With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
 Of youthful warriors ; kindling at the sight,
 My soul is fill'd with vast heroic thoughts,
 Trusting, in martial glory, to surpass
 Roman or Grecian chief ; instant, with shouts,
 The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray ;
 No need of cannon, or the murderous steel,
 Wide wasting nature : rage our arms supplies.
 Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and showers of
 stones

Obscure the day ; nor less the brawny arm,
 Or knotted club, avail ; high in the midst

150 THE SCHOOL-BOY.

Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hosts of foes
Mowing their way; and now, with tenfold rage
The combat burns, full many a sanguine stream
Distains the field, and many a veteran-brave
Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
By turns from either host; each claims the palm
Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades
Involve the sky, the doubtful conflict ends.

Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of heaven,
And all th' eternal powers in battle met,
High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
The godlike leaders, on th' embattled plain,
Came towering, breathing forth revenge and fate;
Nor less terrific join'd the inferior hosts
Of angel-warriors, when encountering hills
Tore the rent concave—flashing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove;
All heaven resounded, and the astonish'd deeps
Of chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

O D E
O N
A N E V E N I N G V I E W
O F
T H E C R E S C E N T A T B A T H.

I N S C R I B E D T O
T h e R e v. S i r P E T E R R I V E R S G A Y, B a r t.

O N O C C A S I O N O F
A S c h e m e i n t e n d e d t o c o n v e r t t h e b e a u t i f u l F i e l d s
i n F r o n t o f t h e C r e s c e n t i n t o K i t c h e n G a r d e n s.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora, &c. OVID. Metam.

F i r s t p r i n t e d i n 1 7 7 3.

O D E

O N

AN EVENING VIEW, &c.

LO! where beside yon verdant plain.
Sweet Avon winds his way,
And smiling laves thy rich domain,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

Joyful I view the flocks that graze,
Or o'er his margin stray;
Here let us rest, and silent gaze,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

Mark with what glee that playful crew,
In life's delightful May,
Eager their childish sports pursue,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

Nor glads it less, now Sol's withdrawn,
Yon Nymphs in fair array
To trace the velvet of thy lawn,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

O! may

O! may no rude remorseless swains,
No churlish clown, essay
To force them from these blissful plains,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

E'en o'er my brows though Time should steal,
And spread his mantle grey;
Still to bright Beauty's shrine I'd kneel,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

May health, blythe active health, be theirs,
No care their charms decay!
And, right I deem, you'll join my prayers,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

Now on yon Crescent's form so fair
My ravish'd eyes shall stay,
View all Palladio's beauties there,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

May it to thee full many a year
Its joyful tribute pay!—
But hark—what sounds salute mine ear,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

Sure o'er my sense some waking dream,
Or airy visions, play!—
No—'tis the Genius of the stream,
Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

See!

See! where he rests upon his urn,
 With looks of sore dismay!
 Turn there!—thy frightened visage turn,
 Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

To thee he calls with stern command,
 Slow gales his voice convey —
 “Hold! hold thy sacrilegious hand,
 “Sir Peter Rivers Gay!

“Hush’d be ye winds, ye murmuring streams*,
 “And hear old Avon pray:
 “And thou attentive to my themes,
 “Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

“Shouldst thou, by filthy Mammon stung,
 “Thine own fair spot bewray,
 “With scare-crows, cabbages, and dung,
 “Sir Peter Rivers Gay;

“Woe! to that Architect superb,
 “Who holds o’er Bath his sway,
 “Yet still forgot thy power to curb,
 “Sir Peter Rivers Gay!

* *Ingrato celeres obruit otio
 Ventos, ut caneret fera
 Nereus fata.*—— *HOR. Od. I. xv.*

“His

- “ His rueful corpse some god transmute
 “ To mournful box or bay,
“ (Or better should the yew-tree suit)
 “ Sir Peter Rivers Gay.
- “ Cut him, his compass in his hand,
 “ Mete emblems round him lay ;
“ And like Vitruvius let him stand,
 “ Sir Peter Rivers Gay,
- “ Full in his Crescent’s front : thine heir
 “ For ever and for aye
“ Be doom’d to keep him in repair,
 “ Sir Peter Rivers Gay.
- “ But for that tribe so skill’d in quirk
 “ And quibble to betray,
“ Who urg’d thee to this fatal work,
 “ Sir Peter Rivers Gay ;
- “ May they to curst hemlock sped
 “ Ne’er view Sol’s genial ray —
“ Guard thou their poison from thine head,
 “ Sir Peter Rivers Gay.
- “ For, oh !—I tremble to relate
 “ Thine ills in future day —
“ A Cauliflower must be thy fate,
 “ Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

‘ Thou

“Thou in this fair, this fragrant spot

“Shalt odorous plants survey,

“Thyself be destin’d to the pot,

“Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

“In vain your cabbag’d head you’ll rear,

“And branching leaves display;

“Five farthings is the price you’ll bear,

“Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

“And when, of stalk and root beguil’d,

“For cooks you’re deem’d a prey,

“And thou in thine own Crescent boil’d,

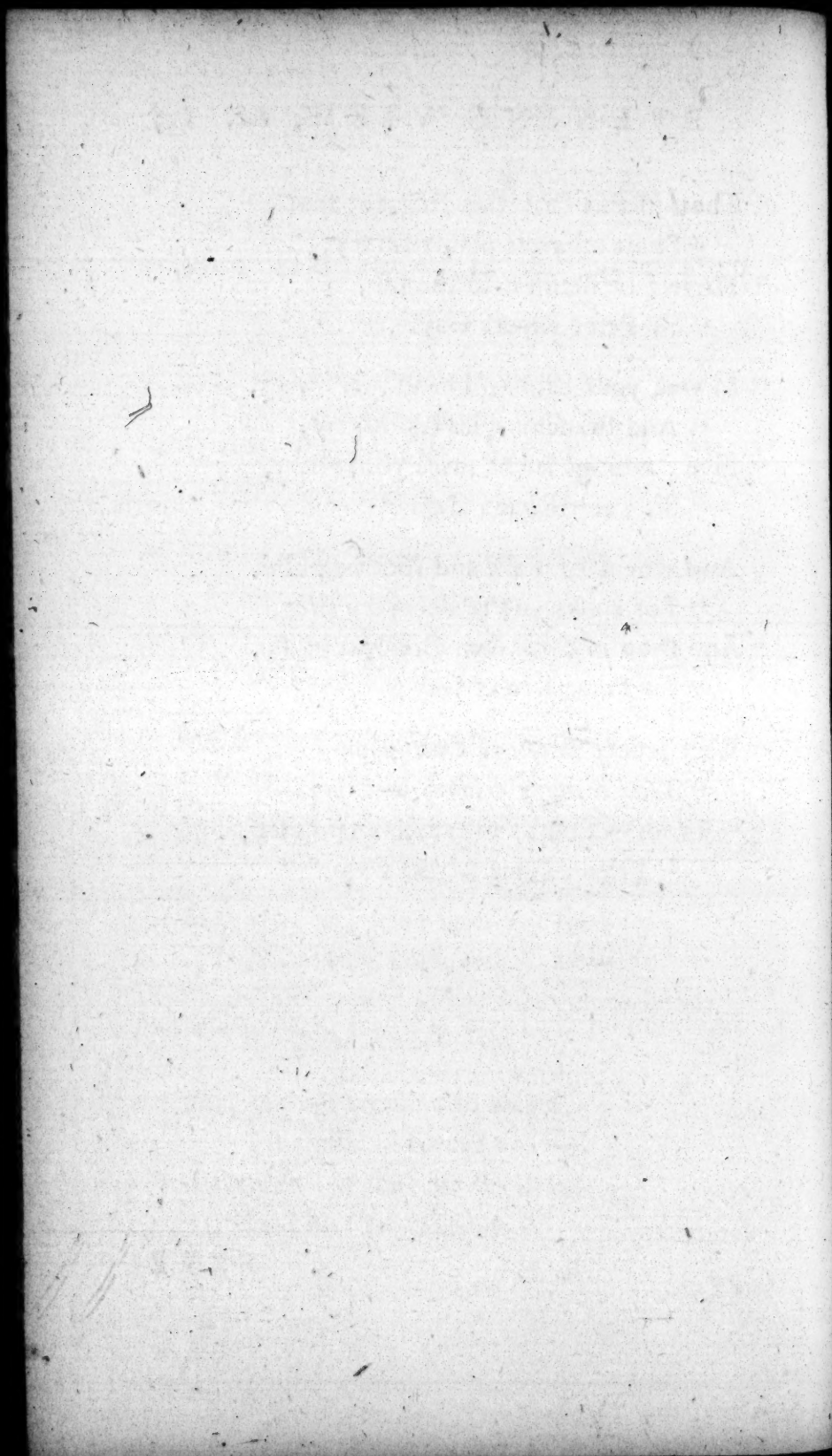
“Sir Peter Rivers Gay;

“E’en Jeffery Pounce, that griping elf,

“That hungry dunce, shall say —

““Troth — thou’rt as tasteless as myself,

“““Friend Peter Rivers Gay!””



F R E E T H O U G H T S,
A N D
B O L D T R U T H S;

Or, a Politico-Tritical

E S S A Y
U P O N T H E
P R E S E N T S I T U A T I O N O F A F F A I R S.

Written in the Year 1755:

In Imitation of SWIFT's Tritical Essay on the
Faculties of the Mind.

STUDY OF THE

ART

OF THE

ART

OF THE

ART

OF THE

ART

OF THE

FREE THOUGHTS,
AND
BOLD TRUTHS, &c.

AT this time, when I fear that it may with too much truth be said,

Terras Astrea reliquit;

and that the mean and dishonourable motives of private interest and ambition, or of disappointment and resentment, warp the judgement, and bias the conduct, of all my fellow-subjects of a certain rank, and who are within their vortex; I feel with singular and infinite satisfaction to myself, that I have entirely escaped that epidemical infection. I never had any employment, I never will have any: as I never asked, I was never refused; as I never expected, I was never disappointed. I can therefore have no private view, no resentment, no rancour. All my words, thoughts, and actions, shall, without the least regard to persons, but with the strictest regard to things, be directed, as those of every good citizen ought to be, by a more generous motive, and to an honest object, the honour and interest

of my dear native country. But, as egotism was never the favourite figure of my rhetoric, I shall say no more of myself: let the truths contained in the following short essay speak for me.

We have now a fresh representative body of the whole body of the people of Great Britain: and the fate of this country must, in a great measure, I might say wholly, depend upon their conduct. Shall they be either bullied or bribed to act with a slavish submission to the dictates of a power-engrossing minister? shall they dwindle or shrink into a parliament of Paris, and meet only to register the edicts of the crown? God forbid! On the other hand, shall humour, error, a spirit of contradiction and obstinacy, hurry them into the confusion and turbulency of a Polish diet, where the malignity of opposition, or the pride of a *Veto*, so frequently prevail over, and totally subvert, the public good? God forbid too! I hope they will steer equally clear of both Scylla and Charybdis; and not split upon the one, by endeavouring to avoid the other. I shall now, with freedom, and with as little personal offence as the nature of my subject will admit of, point out the means.

Men are by nature such social animals, that, when assembled in considerable numbers, they have been, and not unjustly, compared to droves or flocks of other animals; sometime sheep, sometimes
wolves,

AND BOLD TRUTHS, &c. 163

wolves, sometimes geese, &c. who are observed to follow three or four of their leaders, wherever they please to carry them. This is in truth (let us speak out, for it is time) the case of our own two-footed, unfledged, rational, and risible species; man. A large number collected together are always led by, and follow, a small one, from instinct, habit, persuasion, connexion, or some other motive.

In the present representative body of the nation, it must be owned, there are many gentlemen of eminent abilities, who have both heads to contrive, and tongues to persuade, and who consequently would be followed by the multitude. All these gentlemen are so well known, that it seems unnecessary to name them, which, however, for greater precision, I will do. Mr. K**, Mr. G***, Mr. J***, Mr. W***, Mr. X***, and Mr. H***. Now, if these gentlemen will (which I think can hardly be doubted) lay aside all little personal dislikes, which perhaps some of them may have for others, all jealousies, all private views of interest or power, and heartily unite in promoting those measures which equally tend to the safety, honour, and glory, of his majesty and his royal family, and the advantage of the nation in general; this, I will be bold to affirm, would be the most glorious period in the annals of this country.

I am well aware that this scheme will by some be thought more visionary than practicable, and the success of it more to be wished than hoped for; and I may probably be asked, which of these gentlemen must have the particular lead, for that some one necessarily must. To this I answer, first, in the words of Sir Sampson Legend in the Play, to his son Valentine, "What's matter who has it, Val? Thou shalt have it, I'll have it, anybody shall have it, or nobody shall have it at all." But, in the next place, I beg leave to assert, that the lead of that house is constitutionally and wisely placed in the hands of a very worthy gentleman, Sir Harry Bellenden *, who with a black stick in his hand (N. B. not a white one), walks into the house, and in a magisterial manner commands them to follow him out of it, while he leads them to the bar of another.

Again. That such an edifying unanimity and harmony is by no means impracticable, appears from the example of a very numerous, learned, and respectable body, not generally thought to be composed of the meekest individuals, where during these last thirty years there has not been the least debate, the least discrepancy of opinions, but on the contrary an unanimity almost miraculous, confi-

* Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

dering the nature of man : I mean, the CONVO-
CATION.

I am very sorry that the course of my argument obliges me to make use of those odious party names of Whig and Tory ; but, as I am assured that they are now become mere names, *Vox et præterea nihil*, and that those who were formerly distinguished by such appellations now mean exactly the same thing ; it cannot therefore be doubted but that they will shake hands, be good friends, and act in concert ; since there can be nothing more puerile or frivolous, than for those to disagree, who do not differ. And it is to be hoped that the sly insinuations of Lord M***, or the open endeavours of Mr. A***, to prevent this wish'd-for union, will have no effect.

The state of Jacobitism deserves more serious attention ; though I will not presume peremptorily to decide the grand question, whether there are now any Jacobites in England, or not ?

That there are very few, or none, in Scotland, is of public notoriety. That there are many in Ireland, is too justly to be feared, because there are many Papists ; and that the principles and doctrines of Jacobitism, such as indefeasible, unalienable, hereditary divine right, passive obedience, and absolute power, have a wonderful analogy to, and are very proper concomitants of, the not more miraculous and incomprehensible doctrine of transubstantiation.

tiation. For, as the Poet justly observes,

Qui Bavium non odit, amat tua carmina, Mævi.

But, as perhaps the attention of my Readers may by this time be a little tired, I will give them a very humourous digression, not only for their entertainment, but for their improvement.

A learned Dissertation upon Ducklings and Goslings.

A very curious Naturalist has lately observed, that Ducklings, hatched under, and adopted by, a Hen, are strangely puzzled and perplexed, between their filial piety for their supposed mother, and their natural instinct to dabble in the water. The latter attracts them into it, the mother clucks them out of it: instinct has its turn again, and in they go; the mother clucks again, and out they come; and all this so alternatively, that they cannot be said to be either stanch water or land animals.

Now, with submission to that learned Naturalist, I apprehend some little mistake in this matter, and that we should read *Goslings* instead of *Ducklings*. My conjecture is founded upon the following passage in Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire: "There is," says that correct Author, "great store
"of Goslings upon the banks of the Isis. Though
"wild, they are both hatched and bred by Hens of
"a particular large black breed. These goslings,
"by instinct, take delight in the water; in which
"propensity

“propensity they are, by a strange inversion of all
 “instinct, greatly encouraged by their black dry
 “nurses, instead of their endeavouring to cluck
 “them out of it. Nay, which is still more extra-
 “ordinary, if they observe in their nurselings the
 “least shyness or timidity for crossing the water,
 “they plunge into it themselves by way of exam-
 “ple, and awkwardly and clumsily swim to the
 “other side. These black fowl are respected as
 “sacred, and fed and pampered like those of the
 “Augurs among the Romans. But, as they are
 “remarkably voracious and thirsty, it is to be pre-
 “sumed that they would not have drawn P. Clau-
 “dius, in the Punic War, into the same difficulties
 “which the Augural Fowls then did, by obsti-
 “nately refusing either to eat or drink. While
 “young, these birds are apt to wander, and many
 “of them have been seen at Rome and Paris; but,
 “when they are arrived to the age and solidity of
 “grown-up Geese, they become more domestic,
 “and cackle and batten in sloth and stubble.”

To return to our subject, from which perhaps we have digressed too long.

The due proportion of our sea and land forces is another point of the utmost importance to every true Briton, and ought to be calculated relatively to each other. A too large standing army, in time of peace, may be dangerous to our liberties; and a too

small one would be insufficient for our defence. The same with regard to our naval force: too few ships in commission would not secure our possessions in America, nor protect our trade; and too many would unnecessarily increase the navy debt. But, after all, our ships are our wooden walls, and let us make them so:

Hic murus abeneus esto.

I was therefore greatly shocked at that rash expression of Mr. R***, who, upon that occasion, was pleased to say that — but I will not repeat it to his prejudice, and really hope that he will be more guarded for the future.

This naturally leads me to the state of our great national debt, and the sinking fund; great objects, and worthy of universal consideration. I confess, I do not view the national debt in that gloomy light in which many worthy patriots seem to see it. The body politic has been aptly and frequently compared to the body natural, and a nation to a private man. Now, as I have long observed that those individuals who are the most in debt always spend the most money, and live the best; I flatter myself, and I think not unreasonably, that that may be the case of my dear country for many ages yet to come.

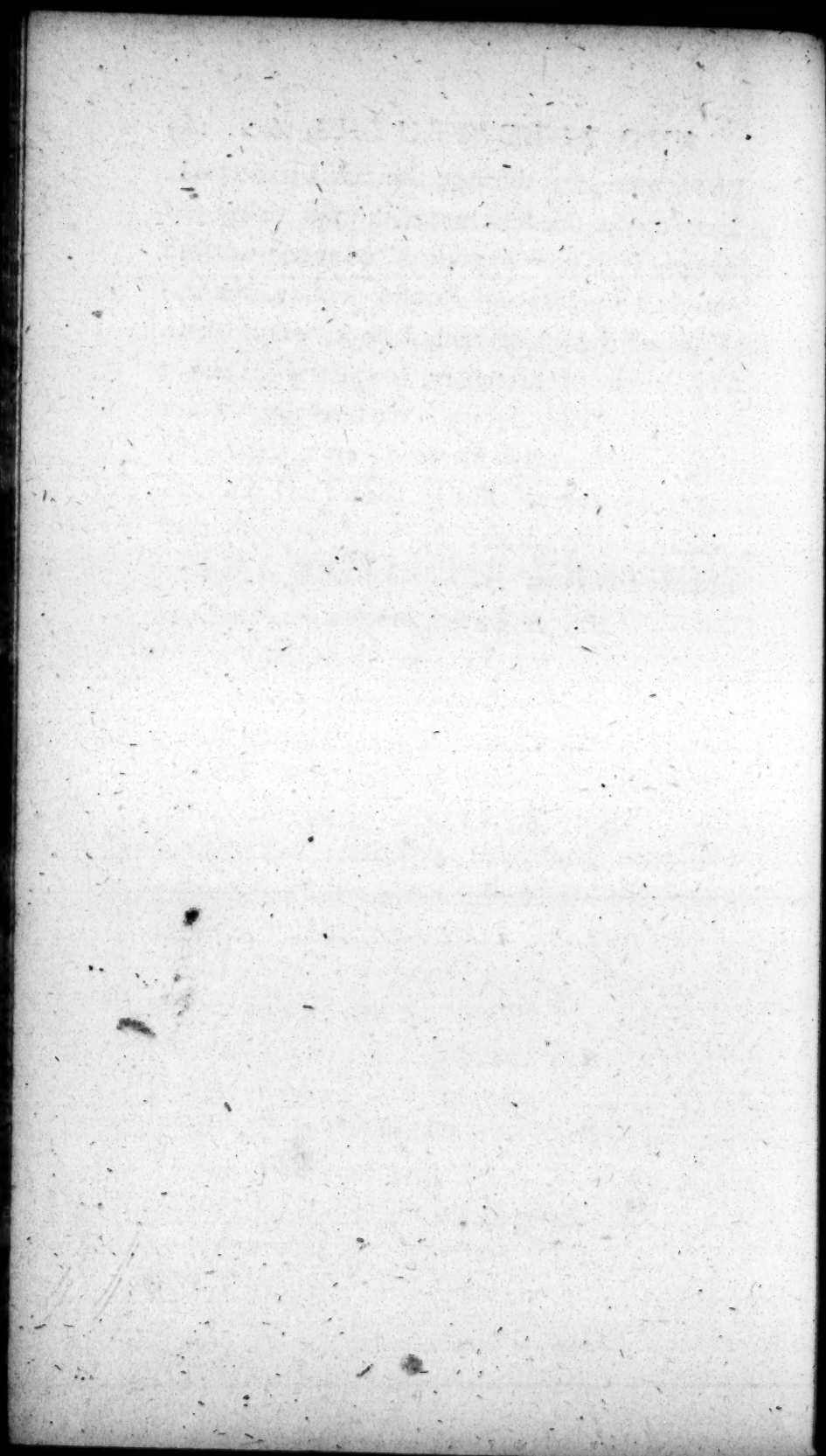
I have

AND BOLD TRUTHS, &c. 169

I have now gone through the task I undertook, and, my conscience tells me, with impartiality and freedom; if I have expressed too much warmth upon certain points and certain persons, the importance of the subject will, I hope, excuse me.

The swarms of mercenary, low, party scribblers will, I am sensible, fall upon me severally, for not having undeservedly flattered, or undeservedly blamed, any party. But let them snarl and bark as much as they please, this is all the reply they shall have from me,

Meâ me virtute involvo.

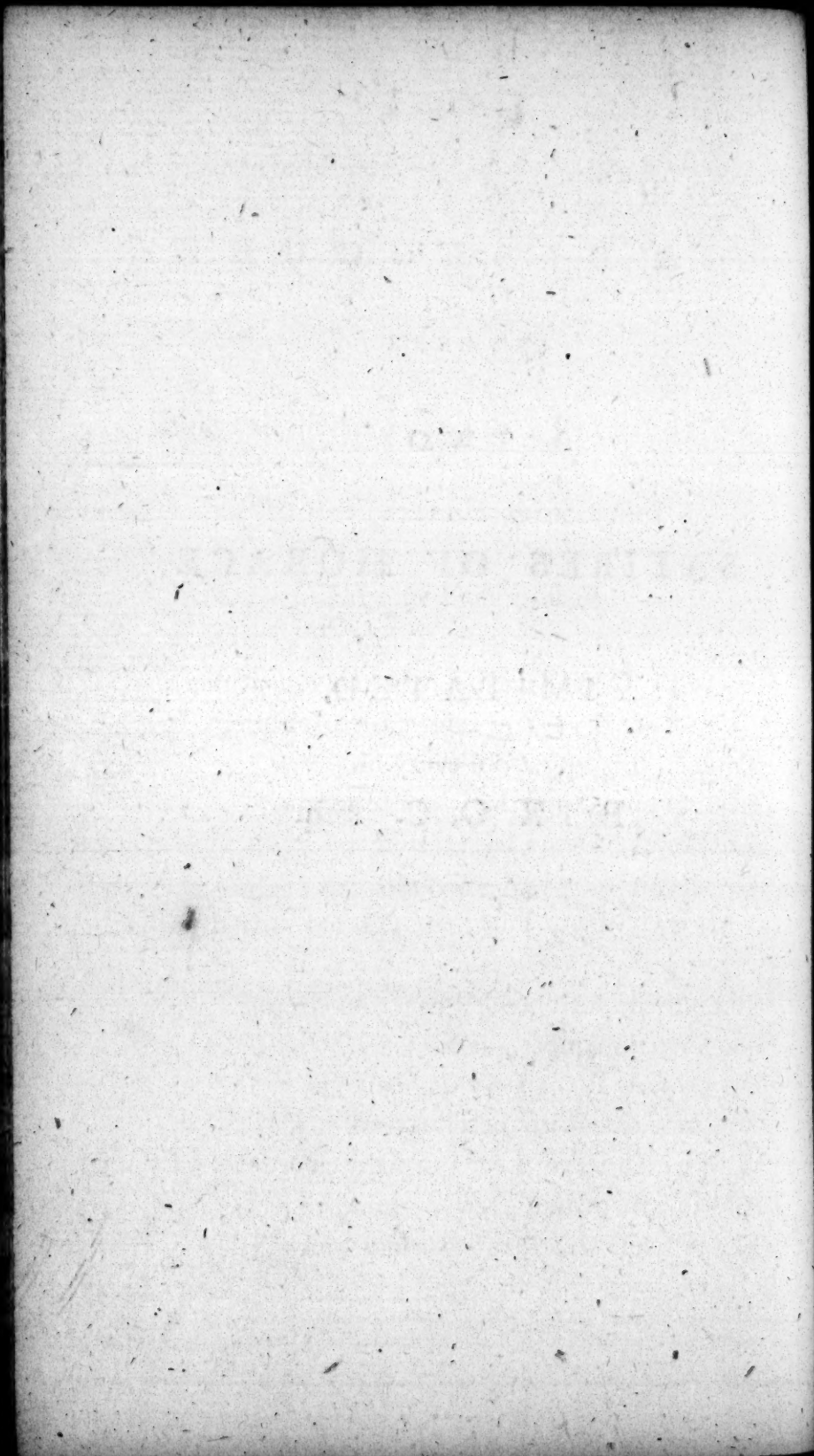


TWO

SATIRES OF HORACE

IMITATED,

By R. O. C. Esq.



A D I A L O G U E

B E T W E E N

A MEMBER of PARLIAMENT and his SERVANT.

In Imitation of HORACE, Sat. II. vii.

First printed in 1752.

SERV. **L**ONG have I heard your favourite theme,
 A general reformation-scheme,
 To keep the poor from every sin,
 From gaming, murder, and from gin.
 And now I have no less an itch
 To venture to reform the rich. 5

MEMB. What, John! are you too turn'd projector?

Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
 For since a member, as 'tis said,
 His projects to his servants read, 10
 And of a favourite speech a book made,
 With which he tir'd each night a cook-maid;
 And so it hapt that every morning
 The tasteless creatures gave him warning:

Since

Since thus we use them, 'tis but reason 15
We hear our servants in their season.

Begin. SERV. Like gamblers, half mankind
Persist in constant vice combin'd;
In races, routs, the stews, and White's,
Pass all their days and all their nights. 20
Others again, like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, dress'd, and curl'd,
And one amongst the wicked world;
Keeps her account exactly even, 25
As thus: "Prue, Creditor to Heaven:
"To Sermons heard on extra-days.
"Debtor: To Masquerade and Plays,
"Item: To Whitfield, half an hour:
"Per contra: To the Colonel, four." 30

Others, I say, pass half their time
In folly, idleness, or crime;
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And every throat resounds, Reform.

A Lord his youth in every vice 35
Indulg'd, but chief in drabs and dice.
Till worn by age, disease, and gout,
Then Nature modestly gave out.
Not so my Lord — who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy. 40

I laud this constant wretch's state,
And pity all who fluctuate;

Prefer

Prefer this slave to dear back-gammon,
 To those who serve both God and mammon;
 To those who take such pains to awe 45
 The nation's vices by the *law*,
 Yet, while they draw their bills so ample,
 Neglect the influence of *example*.

MEMB. To whom d'ye preach this senseless sermon?

SERV. To you, good Sir. MEMB. To me, ye vermin! 50

SERV. To you, who every day profess
 T' admire the times of good Queen Bess,

But yet your heart sincerer praise
 Bestows on these or Charles's days :
 You still approve some absent place 55
 (The present 's ever in disgrace !)
 And, such your special inconsistency,
 Make the chief merit in the distance.

If e'er you miss a supper-card
 (Though all the while you think it hard), 60
 You're all for solitude and quiet,
 Good hours and vegetable diet,
 Reflection, air, and elbow-room :
 No prison like a crowded drum.

But, should you meet her Grace's summons, 65
 In full committee of the Commons,
 Though well you know her crowded house
 Will scarce contain another mouse,
 You quit the business of the nation,
 And brethren of the Reformation; 70

Though

176 A DIALOGUE, &c.

Though — begs you'll stay and vote,
And zealous — tears your coat,
You damn your coachman, storm, and stare;
And tear your throat to call a chair.

Nay, never frown, and good-now hold 75
Your hand a while: I've been so bold
To paint your follies; now I'm-in,
Let's have a word or two on sin.

Last night I heard a learned poulterer
Lay down the law against th' adulterer: 80
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.

Well! you may laugh at Robin-Hood:
I wish your studies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals: 85
Your faith from controversial quarrels;
But ever lean to those who scribble
Their crudities against the Bible;
Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
With hearing Henley * or Romaine. 90

Deserves that critick most rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,
Who deems it, with some wild Fanatics,
The only school of mathematics?
Or he, who, making grave profession, 95
To lay aside all prepossession.

* The celebrated Orator of Clare Market.

Calls

Calls it a bookseller's edition

Of main'd records and vague tradition ?

You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods :

I take a piece at Peter Wood's * : 100

And when I've turn'd my back upon her,

Unwounded in my heart or honour,

I feel nor infamous, nor jealous

Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.

But you, the grave and sage reformer, 105

Must go by stealth to meet your charmer ;

Must change your star and every note

Of honour for a bear-skin coat.

That legislative head so wise

Must stoop to base and mean disguise. 110

Some Abigail must then receive you,

Brib'd by the husband to deceive you.

She spies Cornuto on the stairs :

Wakes you ; then, melted by your prayers,

Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it, 115

To pack your worship in the basket.

Laid neck-and-heels, true Falstaff-fashion ;

There form new schemes of reformation.

Thus 'scap'd the murdering husband's fury,

Or thumping fine of cuckold jury ; 120

* This worthy a few years before fell under the displeasure of the mob, who broke into his house near St. Clement's, and burnt all his furniture, which they threw into the street.

178 A DIALOGUE, &c.

Henceforth, in memory of your danger,
 You 'll live to all intrigues a stranger.
 No; ere you 've time for this reflection,
 Some new debauch is in projection;
 And, for the next approaching night, 125
 Contrivance for another fright.
 This makes you, though so great, so grave
 (Nay! wonder not), an abject slave;
 As much a slave as I; nay, more;
 I serve one master, you a score. 130
 And, as your various passions rule,
 By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.

MEMB. Who then is free? SERV. The wise alone,
 Who only bows to reason's throne;
 Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains, 135
 Nor subtle persecutor's pains,
 Nor honours, wealth, nor lust, can move
 From virtue and his country's love.
 Self-guarded like a globe of steel,
 External insults can he feel? 140
 Or ere present one weaker part
 To Fortune's most insidious dart?
 Much-honour'd master, may you find
 These wholesome symptoms in your mind!
 Can you be free while passions rule you? 145
 While women every moment fool you?
 While forty mad capricious whores
 Invite, then turn you out of doors;

Of

Of every doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you? 150

Convinc'd by every new disaster
You serve a more despotic master;
Say, can your pride or folly see
Such difference 'twixt yourself and me?

Shall you be struck with Titian's tints, 155
And mayn't I stop to stare at prints?
Dispos'd along th' extensive glass,
They catch and hold me ere I pass.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton;
I see the very stage they fought on: 160
The bruiser's live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.

Yet I'm a loiterer to be sure;
You a great judge and connoisseur.

Shall you prolong the midnight ball 165
With costly banquet at Vauxhall;
And yet prohibit earlier suppers
At Kilbourn, Sadler's-wells, or Cuper's *?
Are these less innocent in fact, 170
Or only made so by the act?

Those who † contribute to the tax
On tea and chocolate and wax,

* Places of entertainment at that time. Two of them have been since shut up.

† It was urged in the petitions of some of the houses of public entertainment, that the suppression of them might greatly diminish the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

180 A DIALOGUE, &c.

With high rago^{nts} their blood inflame,
And nauseate what they eat for fame;
Of these the Houses take no knowledge, 175
But leave them fairly to the college.

Oh! ever prosper their endeavours
To aid your dropsies, gouts, and fevers!

Can it be deem'd a shame or sin
To pawn my livery for gin; 180

While bonds and mortgages at White's
Shall raise your fame with Arthur's knights?

Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
Nor strive to pass a slur on, gaming;
But rather to devise each session 185

Some law in honour o' th' profession;
Lest sordid hands or vulgar place
The noble mystery should debase;
Lest ragged scoundrels, in an alehouse,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows; 190
Or boys the sacred rites profane

With orange-barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labours
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the gambler, and prevent his 195

Confederate arts to gull the prentice;
Unless you could yourself desist
From hazard, faro, brag, and whist?

Unless your philosophic mind
Can from within amusement find, 200

And

And give at once to use and pleasure
That truly precious time, your leisure?

In vain your busy thoughts prepare
Deceitful sepulchres of care:

The downy couch, the sparkling bowl, 205

And all that lulls or soothes the soul—

MEMB. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?

I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

SERV. Heyday! my master's brain is crackt!

Or else he's making some new act. 210

MEMB. To set such rogues as you to work,

Perhaps, or send you to the Turk*.

* Among the many projects for the punishment of rogues, it has been frequently proposed to send them in exchange for English slaves in Algiers.

THE INTRUDER.

In Imitation of HORACE, Sat. I. ix.

First printed in 1754.

A Certain free familiar spark
 Pertly accosts me in the Park :
 “ ’Tis lovely weather, sure ! how gay
 “ The fun !—I give you, Sir, good day.”
Your servant, Sir. To you the same— 5
But—give me leave to crave your name ?
 “ My name ? why sure you ’ve seen my face
 “ About, in every public place.
 “ I ’m known to almost all your friends
 “ (No one e’er names you but commends)— 10
 “ For some I plant ; for some I build ;
 “ In every taste and fashion skill’d—
 “ Were there the least regard for merit !—
 “ The rich in purse are poor in spirit.
 “ You know Sir Pagode (here I ’ll give ye 15
 “ A front I ’ve drawn him for a privy)—
 “ This winter, Sir, as I ’m a sinner,
 “ He has not ask’d me once to dinner.”

Quite

THE INTRUDER. 183

Quite over-power'd with this intrusion,
I stood in silence and confusion. 20

He took th' advantage, and pursued:
" Perhaps, Sir, you may think me rude ;
" But sure I may suppose my talk
" Will less disturb you while you walk.
" And yet I now may spoil a thought : 25
" But that's indeed a venial fault :—

" I only mean to such, d'ye see,
" Who write with ease like you and me.
" I write a sonnet in a minute :
" Upon my soul, there's nothing in it. 30

" But you to all your friends are partial :
" You reckon * * * another Martial—
" He'd think a fortnight well bestow'd
" To write an epigram, or ode.

" ****'s no poet to my knowledge ;— 35
" I knew him very well at college :
" I've writ more verses in an hour
" Than he could ever do in four.

" You'll find me better worth your knowing—
" But tell me ; which way are you going ?" 40

What various tumults swell'd my breast,
With passion, shame, disgust oppress !
This courtship from my *Brother Poet* !
Sure, no similitude can show it :
Not young Adonis, when pursu'd 45
By amorous antiquated prude ;

184 THE INTRUDER.

Nor Gulliver's distressful face,
When in the Yahoo's loath'd embrace.

In rage, confusion, and dismay,
Not knowing what to do or say ; 50
And, having no resource but lying—
A friend at Lambeth lies a-dying.—

“ Lambeth ! ” (he re-assumes his talk)
“ Across the bridge—the finest walk —
“ Don't you admire the Chinese bridges, 55
“ That wave in furrows and in ridges ?
“ They've finish'd such an one at Hampton :
“ Faith, 'twas a plan I never dreamt on —
“ The prettiest thing that e'er was seen—
“ 'Tis printed in the Magazine.—” 60

This wild farrago who could bear ?
Sometimes I run ; then stop and stare :
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow cholerick and sick :
And glare my eye, and shew the white, 65
Like vicious horses when they'd bite.

Regardless of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews.—“ D'ye hear
“ Who 'twas compos'd the Taylor's dance ?
“ I practis'd fifteen months in France. 70
“ I wrote a play—'twas done in haste—
“ I know the present want of taste,
“ And dare not trust it on the town—
“ No tragedy will e'er go down.

“ The

THE INTRUDER.

185

"The new burletta's now the thing—

75

"Pray did you ever hear me sing?"

Never indeed.—"Next time we meet—

"We're just now coming to the street.—

"Bless me! I almost had forgot:

"There's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot.

80

"Sir Scrutiny has press'd me dayly

"To be this hour at the Old Bailey,

"To witness to his good behaviour:

"My uncle's voter under favour—

"Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,

85

"To save him will be losing you:

"Yet we must save him if we can,

"For he's a staunch one, a DEAD MAN *."

By your account he's SO indeed,

Unless you make some better speed.

90

This moment fly to save your friend—

Or else prepare him for his end.

"Hang him, he's but a single vote;

"I with the halter round his throat.

"To Lambeth I attend you, Sir."

95

Upon my soul! you shall not stir:

Preserve your voter from the gallows:

Can human nature be so callous?

So negligent when life's at stake?

"I'd hang a hundred for your sake."

100

* A cant term for a sure vote.

I wish

I wish you'd do as much by me—

Or any thing to set me free.

Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.

“Are you, he cries, as well as ever 105

“With Lady Grace? she's vastly clever?

Her merit all the world declare:

Few, very few, her friendship share.

“If you'd contrive to introduce

“Your friend here, you might find an use—” 110

Sir, in that house there's no such doing,

And the attempt would be one's ruin.

No art, no project, no designing,

No rivalry, and no outshining.

“Indeed! you make me long the more 115

“To get admittance. Is the door

“Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,

“As will not melt at half a crown?

“Can't I cajole the female tribe,

“And gain her woman with a bribe? 120

“Refus'd to-day, suck up my sorrow,

“And take my chance again to-morrow?

“Is there no shell-work to be seen,

“Or Chinese chair or Indian screen?

“No cockatoo nor marmozet, 125

“Lap-dog, gold-fish, nor paroquet?

“No French embroidery on a quilt?

“And no bow-window to be built?

“Can't

THE INTRUDER. 187

"Can't I contrive, at times, to meet

"My lady in the park or street? 130

"At opera, play, or morning prayer,

"To hand her to her coach or chair?"

But now *his* voice, though late so loud,

Was lost in the contentious crowd

Of fish-wives newly corporate, 135

A colony from Billingsgate *.

That instant on the bridge I spied

Lord Truewit coming from his ride.

My Lord—Sir William (I began)

Has given me power to state a plan, 140

To settle every thing between you;

And so—'tis lucky that I've seen you.

This morning—"Hold," replies the peer,

And tips me a malicious leer,

"Against good-breeding to offend, 145

"And rudely take you from your FRIEND?"

(His Lordship, by the way, can spy

How matters go with half an eye:

And loves, in proper time and place,

To laugh behind the gravest face). 150

"'Tis Saturday.—I should not chuse

"To break the Sabbath of the JEWS."

The Jews! my Lord!—"Why, since this pother,

"I own, I'm grown a weaker brother:

* The fish-market at Westminster, just then opened.

"Faith!

188 THE INTRUDER.

"Faith! Persecution is no joke:—

"—I once was going to have spoke.— 155

"Bus'ness may stay till Monday night:

"'Tis prudent, to be sure you're right."

He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd:

To what ill-fortune am I doom'd!

But Fortune had, it seems, decreed 160

That moment for my being freed.

Our talk, which had been somewhat loud,

Insensibly the market-crowd

Around my persecutor drew;

And made them take him for a Jew. 165

To me the caitiff now appeals;

But I took fairly to my heels;

And, pitiless of his condition

On brink of Thames and Inquisition,

Left him to take his turn, and listen 170

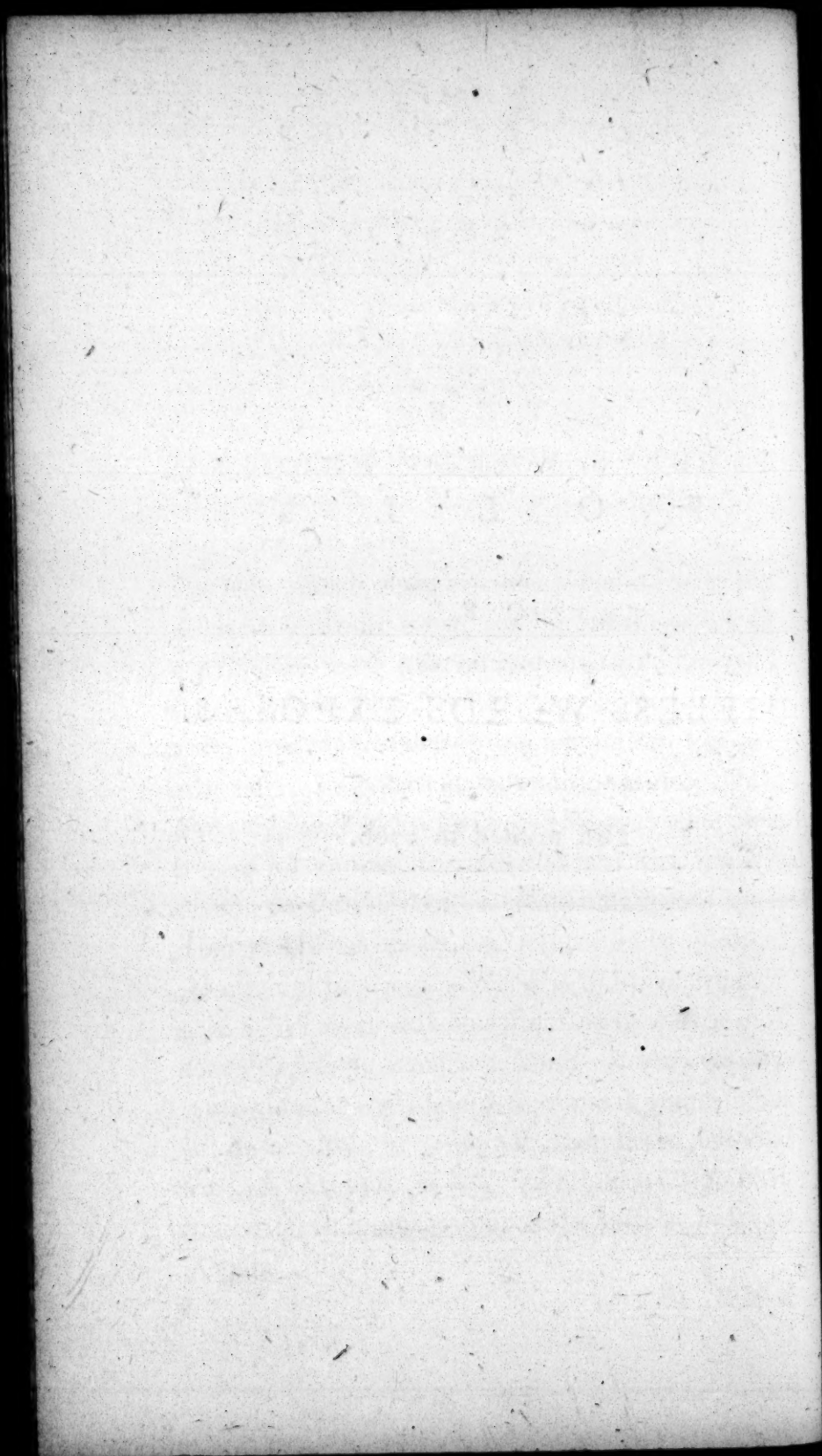
To each uncircumcis'd Philistine.

O! Phœbus! happy he whose trust is

In thee, and thy *poetic justice!*

THE
F O L L Y
O F
USELESS WORDS EXPOSED.

First printed in 1766.



T H E
F O L L Y
O F
USELESS WORDS EXPOSED.

IT may be laid down as a general rule, that *useless words* should be always carefully avoided. They not only enfeeble, but deform every sentence in which they occur. Why should we say, *in case that* my cousin comes to-morrow? when, *if my* cousin comes to morrow perfectly expresses the same sense? or why, instead of *if*, should we say, *if so be*? It is not, however, uncommon for people above the middle class, as well in rank as understanding, to multiply these expletives still farther. We have heard, *if so be in that case*; and sometimes, from a very great master of the inane, *if so be in case that as how*. Smaller offences against elegance and meaning are more frequent: we not only hear, but read, *often times*, *for often*; *till such time as*, instead of *till*; in a story, *says he*, and *says she*, are repeated as often as *executors*, *administrators*, and

assigns, in a deed; and we have not only a perpetual *so*, but a *so with that*, very frequently amplified into *and so with that this pass'd on as I was a telling ye*; then, perhaps, immediately follows, *but however, Sir, to make short of my story*. In an argument, an hundred cant phrases are uttered, which folly coined, and custom has made current; among these are, *because why*; *come now, I'll go a little farther with you*; *but this argues nothing, and is neither here nor there*; and, *there's no difference in nature, for the thing would be equally the same*. We have also frequently two negatives, and are told of an indolent man who *does nothing in no shape*; or, perhaps, he *does nothing in no shape in life*; people very frequently *don't want nothing*; and a person of no mean appearance, who once missed his hat at a ball, called out, *Pray, Gentlemen, has not nobody seen never a hat nowhere?*

It is common, too, for persons to bewilder themselves and their hearers by perpetual deviations into parenthesis. This is always displeasing, and sometimes produces a very painful confusion on both sides. The speaker entirely forgets what he first intended to say, his parenthetical matter is wholly exhausted; and, while the hearer is gaping for something that will enable him to shew his civility and intelligence by a reply, the speaker stops abruptly with an—*and—a-a-a*—and the hearer and he are left

left staring at one another in the most ridiculous distress imaginable. In an argument, this deviation into parenthesis never fails to lead the disputants away from the original question, through a thousand zigzags, which, like the mazes of a labyrinth, can never be trodden back again to the ground from which the wanderers set out.

But, as "Example moves when precept fails," we have added a conversation, with an argument and a story; which we shall leave to our young readers, with an admonition from the old ballad of "The Lady's Fall:"

"Learn to be wise from others harm,

"And you shall do full well."

SCENE. *A club-room in a tavern, with bottles and glasses; pipes and tobacco. The company, Mr. ENTRY, a land-waiter; Mr. BILL, an Attorney; Mr. SELLAWAY, a shop-keeper; Mr. PLOT, feed/man; and several silent bearers and smokers.*

Mr. Entry to Mr. Bill.] Pray, Sir, give me leave—I observe one thing—what I mean, Sir, is, that, in your indictments, your thief, or your murderer, or your traitor, or whatever he is—

Mr. Bill.] That don't argufy; that don't argufy.

Entry.] I mean, your malefactor; we'll call him a malefactor, for all these here are malefactors equally the same.

VOL. I.

O

Bill.]

Bill.] I ask your pardon, Sir; the law makes a difference: a man, Sir, that has committed simple felony is not—take me right, Sir—I say, he is not a malefactor equally the same with a man that has committed treason; because why, Sir, I'll give you my reason for it—

Entry.] Sir, give me leave to say that your traitor is a malefactor, and your felon is a malefactor, let the law make what distinction it will: I don't pretend to much knowledge in the law, but it stands to reason that a malefactor is a malefactor.

Bill.] I don't deny that, I don't deny that; but what I say is this—I say that—

Entry.] You say, that a man that commits treason is a greater villain than what he is that only commits felony.

Bill.] I do.

Entry.] Well, now I'd only put a question to you upon that there; if so be in case that as how a man acts according to his conscience, according to his conscience—observe me—is that there man a greater villain than he that acts against his conscience?

Bill.] Why, Sir, as to that, a man may act according to his conscience, and be a very great villain.

Entry.] Pray, Sir, in what shape?

Bill.] In every shape in life, Sir, his conscience makes him a villain. Why, Sir, here's a Jacobite and a Papist;

USELESS WORDS EXPOSED. 195

a Papist; and his conscience tells him, Sir, that he ought for to raise a rebellion in favour of the Pretender, and he does raise a rebellion: why then, Sir, I say he is a traitor; and, Sir, I say a traitor is a villain; and I should be very sorry to think, that a man of your sense and character, that has the honour of a place in his majesty's customs, should be doubtful in any shape whether a traitor is a villain.

(Here he looked round upon the company with an air of triumph; and then eagerly sucked-in the flame of the candle, to light his pipe, which had gone out.)

Entry.] Sir, you don't take me right. I do not deny, nor I never did deny, and hope I never shall deny, that a traitor may be a villain in law; and yet *in foro conscientiâ* (for I have not forgot all my learning), *in foro conscientiâ* he may be a very honest man.

Bill.] Sir, I should be extremely sorry to be obligated, by any thing that happens between gentlemen in the way of talk, for to say any thing that should look like resentment, or any thing of that kind; but, Sir, I cannot hear *the law*, which I have had the honour to follow five-and-twenty years, treated with disrespect. The law of England, Sir, has been defined, and very justly defined, by an authority, which, I believe, nobody will dispute; I say, Sir, the law of England has been defined to be the perfection of reason: and

do you suppose, Sir, you cannot suppose, I will not suppose that you suppose, that the law of England makes an honest man a villain.

Entry.] Why, Sir, as to the matter of that, and that matter, I'll tell you one thing (and that is not two); if the law of England does not make an honest man a villain, it has made many an honest man a beggar.—Now, Mr. Lawyer, what do you say to that?—

(Here all the company laughed very loud, with a significant shake of the head, at the lawyer's expence.)

Bill.] Say to that, Sir! why, Sir, every body knows that there's never a good conveniency but what there's a bad one attending it; put that to that!

Enrry.] I'll tell you what, Mr. Bill: I remember a story that my cousin Molly used to tell—you know my cousin Molly—says Molly, says she, my father—my cousin Molly's father, you know, practised the law in his younger days—this was after he retired; but, however, that's neither here nor there—he lived in the country—and of a market-day the farmers used to come and ask his advice—he was a good-natured man, and his fortune was easy; my grandfather's estate that fell to him was—for my grandfather died without a will—it was rather hard that my father came in for nothing, but
let

USELESS WORDS EXPOSED. 197

Let that pass—*a-a-a*—as I was saying, my cousin Molly, she was a merry girl, Molly was ; says she to me one day, What do you think ? says I, I don't know ; why, says she, here has been Tom Bowman here to-day—Tom was a farmer, that loved the law as he loved his life ; but the law was not so good a friend to Tom, as Tom was to the law ; however, to make short of my story, says Molly, Tom Bowman asked my father what was the necessary requisites for to carry a cause ; so, upon that, my father threw himself back in his chair, and taking up his leg, as he had a way of doing, and laying it upon the other knee, Why, neighbour, says he to Tom, as a friend, I'll tell you ; you must have, says he, a very good purse ; and, says he, you must have a very good attorney ; and he says, says he, you must have a very good counsellor, a very good judge, a very good jury, a very good cause, and, says he, with a great oath (for my poor uncle would swear, that he would)—neighbour, says he, you must besides have—very good luck.

(Here was another loud and long laugh at the lawyer's expence.)

Mr. Sellaway to Mr. Entry.] But pray, Sir, I thought you had a question to put to Mr. Bill : let us hear your question.

Bill.] Aye, Sir, what is your question?

Entry.] Question!—so I had—but, if I was to die, a cannot tell what it was..

Sellaway.] It was somewhat about indictments.

Entry.] O! aye! about indictments—why, Sir, my question is concerning the instigation of the Devil.

Bill.] Very good, Sir.

Entry.] I observe, that when a man is indicted for murder, or treason, or such like, he is said to be moved by the instigation of the Devil; now I'd only ask, whether or no, by these here words, the man's crime is supposed to be aggravated or extenuated.

Bill.] Aggravated or extenuated!—why, Sir, the thing speaks itself; for can it be supposed, that the indictment being the charge—observe me—the indictment being the charge of the king against the prisoner, of an atrocious crime, can it be supposed, I say, that this here charge should contain any thing in the way of extenuation of itself?

Entry]. Why, with submission, I do suppose it; for, Sir, is not he that commits a great crime without temptation much more atrocious in the way of being criminal, than he that commits the same identical crime by virtue of temptation?

Bill.] Why, Sir, what can be more atrocious in the way of being criminal, to use your own words, than for a man here for to go for to be moved

USELESS WORDS EXPOSED. 199

moved by the Devil; or, if you will, by the instigation of the Devil, for it is the same thing, to commit a murder?

Entry.] To go for to be moved!—why it is the Devil, Sir, that comes to him; the man, Sir, we suppose to be quietly sitting at home, or going about his business; or, we'll say, drinking a glass with his friend; it is all the same.

Bill.] All the same, all the same!

Entry.] Well, Sir, this here man is thinking of no harm—here comes your Devil, we'll say Beelzebub, or any other Devil; for a Devil's a Devil, I take it.

Bill.] You say true, you say true.

Entry.] Well, here comes the Devil—*good*—he puts evil thoughts into this here man's head—*good*;—this man goes and commits a murder—*very good*;—now observe, the crime committed is murder; now I presume in this here case, that the Devil is guilty of part of it, and, if so, why then the man is only guilty of the rest. But now put the case that the Devil is out of the question, and that the man commits the murder entirely of his own head, he is then guilty of the whole; now, the whole being greater than a part, and the crime of murder being in itself equal in both cases, it follows, that where the Devil has nothing to do in the way of instigation or temptation, call it which you will, the

murderer is more guilty than what he is when your Devil interferes.

Bill.] Sir, I don't wonder that a gentleman not versed in the law should lie under mistakes in these cases; and, with submission, Sir, you do lie under a mistake. The crime, Sir, as you very justly observe, is murder; and your Devil, Sir, is here what we call an accessary before the fact: now, Sir, the law considers every accessary in murder as a principal; and, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that if ten men were to concur in committing one murder, all of them would be murderers as much as if each had had an entire murder to his own share.

Entry.] Well, come then, Sir, since you are so peremptory, I'll go another way to work with you: Here's the first instigation or temptation that ever happened; here's Adam and Eve, and the serpent, or more properly the Devil in the serpent, for that was the case. Adam and Eve we suppose to have been two poor simple naked savages, like the Catawbas or Twightwees in America.

Bill.] Sir, with submission, I suppose no such thing; I suppose Adam, Sir, to have been one of the most intelligent and most accomplished of all mankind. Pray, Sir, would a Catawba or a Twightwee have been able to give names to all the creatures that were brought to Adam? I'd only ask you that!

Entry.]

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Entry.] Why, Sir, if we consider Moses's history—

Sellaway.] Moses's history ! Sir, I always consider the Bible as the Revelation ; and I am sorry to hear it called Moses's history, or any man's history, let him be who he will. I hope nothing will be said in this company, that will in any shape call the Bible into question ; there are too many now-a-days that believe neither God nor Devil.—

Here another member of the club, who had been some time weary of the dispute, called out, “ Come, gentlemen, now give me leave to call upon Mr. Plot for a song.” He was joined by all present, who called out, Aye, aye, a song from Mr. Plot. Mr. Plot, therefore, having laid down his pipe, and given three or four hems ! sung his song ; and the disputants, who had, before they were interrupted, lost sight of their question a second time, joined in the clap upon the table, and sung a song in their turn.



The following Letter, which appeared in Lloyd's Evening Post whilst the foregoing Essay was actually printing off, is a proper Companion to it.

S I R,

July 26, 1776.

I AM a person of a very communicative disposition, and, when in company, am fond of telling a story; but such is my ill-fortune, that I never yet was perfectly satisfied with this innocent amusement;—innocent I call it, because I only tell what others have told before me. This matter will, however, appear in a more full light, when I explain the nature of my grievance, and which cannot be better exemplified than by giving you the history of last Sunday evening.

After dinner (twenty-two in company, male and female), the discourse, when the wine was put on the table, became general, and all talked together, so that it was impossible to distinguish what was the subject. In a little time the clamour subsided; and the

the toast going regularly round, I mentioned, that a number of friends, assembled with a cheerful intention of making themselves agreeable to each other, was a pleasing sight; and, as I wished to contribute my part, I would, if permitted, entertain them with a story, which I hoped would be amusing. Curiosity has a powerful effect; and an attentive silence immediately proclaimed general assent.

I began.—“Lord and Lady Belville”—Here I was interrupted by Mr. Know-all, who said, “They are my particular acquaintances, Sir, and a very worthy couple, I assure you. My Lady, indeed, is not the most well-bred woman; but —Sir, I beg your pardon, proceed.” I proceeded then with beginning, “My Lord and Lady Belville”—Here I was interrupted by Miss Inquisitive, who asked me with a bewitching smile, “Pray Mr.—,” (it is fashionable, at times, to forget the name of your most intimate acquaintance)—“Communicative, Madam,” said I.—“Mr. Communicative,” returned the young lady, “pray, don’t my Lord Belville wear a wig?—“Wear a wig!” exclaimed I;—“Yes, madam, he does.”—“It must,” says she, “be the very man;” and then she begged pardon, and bade me go on.—“Lord and Lady Belville,” said I, “live in the West of England, bordering on Somersetshire; they have but one
“daughter,

“daughter, and she came last winter to London,
 “to be introduced at court.”—“I saw her there,”
 (interrupted Miss Grizzle); “she is tall, en’t she,
 “with an aquiline nose, and sandy hair? She
 “looked indeed, as if she came from the country;
 “and her stays were so unfashionably high before,
 “that you could only see her neck; and I’ll tell you
 “a droll circumstance between her and Sir Thomas
 “Frizzletop.”—I was obliged to stop her here, as
 my story was entitled to priority, and beg that she
 would permit me to finish. She bowed, and asked
 pardon; and I went on.—“The third night of this
 “young lady’s being at St. James’s, a young baronet”
 —Here I saw Miss Grizzle big with utterance; she
 could not contain herself, and, snatching the story
 from me, she cried out, “I believe, Mr. Communi-
 “cative, I know that affair, for I was present, and
 “in some measure concerned; if you’ll give me
 “leave, I’ll tell it exactly as it was;”—and so,
 without waiting for my consent, she proceeded as
 fast as possible (for fear of interruption) with a
 matter totally different from what I was intending
 to say. When she had finished, I intimated that
 she had mistaken the lady and the story; and said,
 if I was heard out, without interruption, then
 every person might comment as much as they
 pleased. The whole company acknowledged I was
 right, and I then proceeded—“The third night of
 “this

“this young lady’s being at St. James’s, a young
 “Baronet, just returned from his travels”—“D—n
 “the Baronet and his travels!” (said a Gentle-
 man who sat at the foot of the table), “give me
 “your toast, and let the bottle go round. I abo-
 “minate all stories, for they spoil conversation.”
 Here an altercation began, in which all took a part.
 One said, “Go on, Mr. Communicative.” The
 lady of the house cried out, “My dear, why would
 “you be so rude as to interrupt any one? Pray,
 “Sir” (turning to me), “do go on—I am sure,
 “you are very obliging.” Silence being pro-
 claimed, I proceeded—“This young Baronet,
 “seeing Miss Belville, and taking a particular fancy
 “to her person, resolved to have her, cost what it
 “would; he accordingly communicated his in-
 “tention to three or four young rakes like him-
 “self; and they formed the resolution of carrying
 “her off by force, as soon as she retired from the
 “ball-room.”—“That was exactly similar to an
 “affair I knew at Venice” (said a young gentleman,
 whose name I do not recollect). “Mademoiselle de
 “Rouge, a French lady, who chose to travel, hap-
 “pened to be with her father and aunt at—”—“I
 “know the place, and the story too” (a fashionable
 young gentleman cries): “was not the aunt thrown
 “into a pond?”—“You are right,” replies the
 other; “but pray let me tell the story, for I began
 “it.”

"it." This was a downright usurpation of my right; but the company were so eager to hear the circumstance of the aunt being thrown into a pond, that I was obliged to permit the young gentleman to relate the affair which happened at Venice; but which did not, in the smallest degree of similitude, correspond with what I intended to say. When, after fifty interruptions, he had finished, and that I was once more beginning, the ladies all got up, and, with the usual complimentary bustle, retired to drink tea, or chat over the scandal of the town.

The *usual toast* after the departure of the ladies being given, the conversation turned on politics; and consequently America was the subject on which every man delivered his opinion, as far as he was allowed. The Right of Taxation, Passive Obedience, Non-Resistance, Representation, &c. were bandied to and fro, with much heat, and more confusion; for no one man was allowed to finish his sentiments, because then all would claim the right of speaking next, and, consequently, all speak together; so the mode was, to wait for a pause in the person speaking, and then jump into the gap, take up the argument any where, and continue talking as fast as possible, until an unfortunate pause threw you out, and another served you as you had served your predecessor.

To which of the passions this desire of interruption is to be attributed, I really am at a loss to determine.

determine. Whether it be pride in a man to hear himself talk, or ambition to be thought as wise as another; whether it be envy at superior knowledge, or emulation to say most, is a matter which I request some of your correspondents to solve.

The world is now grown so wise, and the people so obstinate in their conversation, that, unless some mode is adopted to regulate our arguments, all *genteel* companies, whether private or mixed, will be productive of confusion, instead of pleasure; of animosity, instead of instruction; and such harmless entertainers as your humble servant will be shut out from society.

TIMOTHY COMMUNICATIVE.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ,
OF MURCIA.

TO

RICHARD TWISS, Esq; F.R.S.

With several Explanatory Notes, written by
himself.

First printed in 1776.

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AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

YE western winds, from Ocean's bosom rise,
 And bear to perjur'd Twiss his Pinna's sighs!
 Ye new-born gales, that fan the lemon grove,
 In clouds of essence waft the voice of love!
 Yes—waft my sorrows to th' Iernian plains,
 And bid their author share Teresa's pains.
 Fly, fly, my nightingale! the tale to bear;
 Or thou, my parrot! pour it on his ear.
 Ah! could my monkey swim the watery way,
 And grin my woes, and chide his long delay! 10
 Half-naked, shivering at the midnight air,
 With mangled bosom and dishevel'd hair,

L. 2. *Pinna.*] During my short stay in Murcia, I spent every evening in the house of Donna Teresa Pinna y Ruiz. That lady and her daughter were so obliging as to assemble all their musical acquaintance, themselves singing Tonadillas and Seguedillas “in a far superior manner than I had ever heard them sung before:” the young lady had made a great proficiency in music, and accompanies herself with the harpsichord and guitar as perfectly as a professed mistress of the science; so that it was with the greatest regret I parted from this amiable family, which I did the 8th of May.

Twiss's Travels through Portugal and Spain,
 Dub. Edit. vol. i. p. 244.

One stocking off—I fit—and weep—and write—
 The streaming tears have drown'd my taper's light.
 Where does my brave, my beauteous Briton rove,
 That star of courtesy, that soul of love?
 What yielding heart partakes the wandering fire?
 Whom does thy *fiddle* melt to fond desire?
 That fiddle, where the Loves encradled sleep,
 Squeak in its tones, and through its opens peep, 20
 To mark their prey; then many a bow they bend,
 And many an arrow 'midst the crowd they send.
 What fair Hibernian, with superior charms,
 With-holds the wanderer from Teresa's arms?—
 Blest be the Fates, that grac'd my charmer's birth
 With Quixote's gallantry, and Sancho's mirth!
 What sweet extremes adorn his various mind,
 Wild as the *Zebra*, as the *Jack-Ass* kind!
 Full many a tear for thee, brave stranger! falls,
 Full many a sigh resounds to Murcia's walls, 30
 Full many a lute is tun'd to Richard's name,
 And many a sonnet speaks the Briton's fame.
 Return, return, ye lightly-pacing hours!
 When Love and I wils endear'd the Murcian bowers,

L. 28. *Zebra*] *Zebra*, or wild ass;— they never
 can be sufficiently broke to endure a bit or a rein:—
 though it was attempted, to enable them to draw the
 Prince of Beira's chariot.

T. T. vol. i. p. 14.

When

When Twiss, the slave of dalliance and desire,
 Sung like a cricket in his cage of wire.
 Each hour, each minute, brought its joys along,
 Fandango, concert, alamede, or song.
 O say, ye groves!—and say, ye flowery plains!
 Say, towers of Murcia! (for ye heard his strains,⁴⁰
 And view'd us scampering through the breezy
 shade,
 When the fleet as the filken rein obey'd)

L. 36. *Cricket.*] In most parts of Spain, crickets are kept in small wire-cages, placed on the window-ledge: they are each in a separate cage, with a bit of fallad, and kept continually chirping.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 100.

L. 38. *Fandango.*] There are two kinds of Fandangos, though they are danced to the same tune; the one is the *decent* dance—the other is *gallant*—[for, in this gentleman's vocabulary, *gallant* is synonymous to *indecent*—full of *expression*; and, as a late French author energetically expresses it, “est mêlé de certaines attitudes qui offrent un tableau continuél de jouissance.”—This dance is for two persons, much like the Dutch *Plugge Dansen*.

T. T. vol. i. p. 19—168.

L. 38. *Alamede.*] Answers to mal.—After the diversions [plays end], which is usually half past eleven, it is customary to walk in the alamede, or mall, till midnight; here I saw

——— “Donne e donzelle,

“D’ogni età, d’ogni sorte, e brutte e belle.”

Among the rest I observed several Ladies who had fixed glow worm, by threads, to their hair; which had a luminous and pleasing effect.

This alamede [at Cadiz] is much resorted to by ladies of easy virtue.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 54.

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What youth like Twiss the fiddle-stick commands,
Or bridles *Jack-Ass* with such dextrous hands?
My dear Cortejo, ever at my side,
By night my fiddler—and by day my guide;
Well could he parasol or fly-flap hold,
Adjust the veil that shone with threads of gold,
For ripest grapes the mazy garden trace,
Or hush musquitos from his Pinna's face; 50

L. 44. *Jack-Ass*.] The ladies, both in Spain and Portugal, ride on burros, or jack-asses, with a pack-saddle;—a servant attends them with a sharp stick, to make the beast go faster when necessary; if he goes too fast, he stops it by pulling it by the tail. Gentlemen ride on horses, servants on mules; as do likewise those physicians who have no carriages.

T. T. vol. i. p. 34.

L. 45. *Cortejo*.] Synonymous with the Italian *Cicisbei*; I do not assert that all their ladies have such attendants. I was one evening much surprised at seeing a lady, with whom I had the day before been in company when she was dressed in the height of coquetry, make her appearance in a nun's black habit, with a leathern thong, to which hung knotted cords round her waist. She told me, she had made a vow to wear that habit for six months, by way of penance for some sins that she had committed. On enquiry, from one of her female friends, I found it was only because her husband had forbid his house to her Cortejo: so that the poor lady thus publicly testified her sorrow for her swain's discharge.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 102.

L. 47. *Fly-flaps*.] I had the honour of dining at the house of the Marquis *del Bado*; the guests were all served in plate; several pages attended with fly-flaps, to prevent those troublesome insects [*viz. the guests*] from settling on the dishes.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 29.

And

And graceful oft extended at my feet,
 And gazing up, with looks so fond, so sweet,
 He talk'd—how British dames on tea regale,
 Build the high head, or drag the sweeping tail;
 Of tinsel'd rose in filken slippers worn,
 And ostrich plumes that powder'd locks adorn;
 That flounce exploded quits the beauteous arm,
 And spreading hoops expand the power to charm;
 While Fashion waves her wand the stays to sink,
 And greedy eyes the full-orb'd bosom drink; 60
 Their cards, their tickets, what devices grace,
 Their gowns what trimmings, and their caps
 what lace.

Such sweet discourse the fitting hours deceiv'd;
 You smil'd, I gaz'd; you vow'd, and I believ'd—
 Yes—on thy tale the foolish maiden hung,
 And suck'd the poison from thy nectar'd tongue.

When, dim and pale, the sun begins to rise,
 He seems a mushroom to the sailor's eyes;

Then

L. 68. *Seems a mushroom.*] This simile may be best illustrated by a quotation from Chandler's Travels, Dub. Edit. p. 3. "To complete this wonderful day, the sun before its setting was exceedingly big, and assumed a variety of fantastic shapes. It was surrounded first with a golden glory, of great extent, and flamed upon the surface of the sea in a long column of fire. The lower half of the orb soon after immersed in the horizon, the other portion remaining very large and red, with half of a smaller orb beneath it, and separate, but in the same direction, the circular rim approaching the line of its diameter. These two by degrees united,

216 AN HEROIC EPISTLE

Then from the horizon rears his flame-fac'd head,
And shews a copper pot-lid, dim and red; 70
'Till, lifted high, and strong in noon-tide glare,
He thaws the traveller with his brazen stare.

Thus love at first but faintly we desery,
It seems the mushroom of a roving eye :
Then, seen more plainly for its blushing veil,
It owns the truth by striving to conceal ;
Confess'd and brazen last it pours its rays,
And reason faints beneath th' impetuous blaze.

At first I wonder'd how my soul could dance
With new-born flutterings, when I met your
glance: 80

Next half conceal'd, and thus the more display'd,
O'er conscious weakness cold reserve I laid :
Then the bold passion dar'd the general eye,
Fierce as the sun, and boundless as the sky !
Our love the crowded alameda knew,
And oft at bull-fights was I seen with you :

and then changed rapidly into different figures, until the resemblance was that of a capacious punch-bowl inverted. The rim of the bottom extending upward, and the body lengthening below, it became "a mushroom on a stalk, with a round head." It was next metamorphosed into "a flaming caldron," of which the lid, rising up, swelled nearly into an orb, and vanished. The other portion put on several uncircular forms, and after many twinklings and faint glimmerings slowly disappeared, quite red; leaving the clouds, hanging over the dark rocks, or the Barbary shore, tinged with a vivid bloody hue."

Our

Our wishes lighten'd from our eyes in fire,
 Our practis'd fingers talk'd the big desire;
 Ne'er from guitar such tones could Pinna bring,
 As when her Twiss attun'd the vocal string; 90
 The strings you finger'd glow'd with many a kiss,
 And groves of citron heard the name of Twiss.
 Anxious to please, I dress'd with double care,
 And pendant glow-worms lighten'd in my hair;
 I scorn'd my parents' voice, my spotless fame,
 And malice batten'd on Teresa's name.
 Woo'd by the fairest youths, the pride of Spain,
 For thee, base man! I scorn'd the gallant train,
 Nay ev'n for thee—the Spanish garb I scorn'd,
 The darling trifles that our maids adorn'd; 100
 All but her veil the doating fool resign'd,
 (To tender stealths the veil was ever kind)
 The yellow powder, and the pendent worm,
 The widen'd sleeves that grace the taper form,
 And bright with silver threads the net-work caul,
 Ungrateful youth! for thee I scorn'd them all;
 And lov'd to dress me like an English girl,
 My night-gown muslin, and my ear-rings pearl.

L. 94. See p. 213. Note, l. 38.

L. 103. *Yellow Powder*, &c.] The women wear no caps, but tie a kind of net-work silk purse over their hair, with a long tassel behind;—the sleeves of their gowns are wide enough to admit their waists, which however seldom exceed a span in diameter. The ladies powder their hair with yellow powder.

T. T. vol. i. 35. ii. 109.

And

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And well, methought, the passion was re-paid;
 For dearly then you lov'd the Murcian maid. 110
 New toads, new lizards, day by day were caught,
 And still to me the reptile game you brought;
 Or on my petticoats cameleons plac'd,
 And wondering mark'd how colour colour chac'd.
 —One—(for my petticoat was torn and thin)
 Slipt through a chink, and nestled to my skin:
 With nimble hand you seiz'd it where it crawl'd,
 Heavens! how I blush'd, I shudder'd, and I squall'd!

Alas, how chang'd! what cares! what sorrows
 rife!

Hibernia calls him—and my charmer flies. 120
 Love, liberty, and life, with Twiss depart,
 Fandangos, fiddles—and Teresa's heart—

L. 111. *Lizards.*] Lizards of different sizes, from two inches to eighteen, swarmed among the stone-walls; the larger are very fierce and dangerous.—I have seen several, which, being pursued by a little dog I had, would turn about and stand at bay, hissing violently, their mouths open wide enough to admit a hen's egg;—their bite is so tenacious, that I have lifted them from the ground, by putting a stick in their mouths. Dr. Goldsmith says, "Salt seems to be more efficacious, for destroying these animals, than the knife; for, on being sprinkled with it, the whole body emits a viscous liquor, and the lizard dies in three minutes in great agonies."—I was at that time ignorant of this particular, or I should have made the experiment, which I have tried on snails, and found it to have the same effect it is here said it will have on lizards.

T. T. vol. i. p. 234.

L. 113.] I purchased four live cameleons, &c.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 96.

The

The groves are silent, flowers forget to spring,
 My lap-dog droops, my crickets cease to sing.
 I see thee waking—clasp thee in my sleep,
 And scalding tears my thorny pillow steep.

One sole employment fills the moping hour,
 To nurse the sorrows that my peace devour,
 That, veil'd from sight, the fostering bosom rive,
 Within the peach as nested ear-wigs live. 130

Thus when her chicken, in some puddle drown'd,
 Or kennel deep, a watery death has found,
 The matron hen laments the giddy fool,
 And chucks and chucks around the turbid pool :
 Nor oats, nor oatmeal, sooth her sorrowing breast, }
 With flagging wing she roves, with plume undrest, }
 And all a mother's love in busy woe confest.

Not alameda charms thy pensive fair,
 Nor grove where lemons balm the scented air :
 But, sad and lonely, by the midnight oil, 140
 I turn the weary page with ceaseless toil,
 That tells how Richard stray'd from post to post,
 What towns he din'd in, and what bridges crost ;
 How many eagles by the way were seen ;
 How many asses graz'd along the green ;

L. 144. *Eagles.*] During these last four leagues, I observed nothing remarkable—except ten eagles, flying circularly near each other.—On the 24th of May we saw a great number of eagles.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 13, and 16.

L. 145. *Asses.*] During this journey, we met and overtook thousands of asses. T. T. vol. i. p. 66.

What

220 AN HEROIC EPISTLE

What steeple's height the pious stork possess,
 Or what low venta boasts her humbler nest.
 Our Murcia too, and Pinna's name I find,
 To glory hallōw'd, and with Richard join'd :
 Thus in his metal Pinchbeck's name survives, 150
 And Gray's immortal on his own case-knives.
 In melting notes when tonadillas roll,
 And seguedillas catch the prison'd soul,
 Thine image puts my music-book to flight ;
 Breves, minims, crotchets, swim before my sight ;
 In floods of tears my harpsichord is drown'd,
 While basses groan, and trebles squeak around.
 Ye gods, that see my sorrows, know my truth,
 Oh, pour hot vengeance on the perjur'd youth !
 Yes, at his head some signal judgement throw, 160
 Great as my wrongs, and weighty as my woe !

L. 146. *Stork.*] We dined at the village of Gallego, where I observed two storks, which had built their nests on the church steeple.—We crossed the river Agueda on a temporary bridge, and entered the city of Cividad Rodrigo; where we saw many storks' nest on the steeples and chimnies.—We past this night in a venta, which had a stork's nest on the roof.

T. T. vol. i. p. 60, and 69.

L. 147. *Venta.*] We dined at a venta—in the *bog-sy*, as the smoke in the parlour, which had no chimney, was insufferable.—We passed the night at the village of Cazeriche, nestling amongst the straw.

T. T. vol. i. p. 236.

L. 152. *Tonadillas.*] Tonadillas, cantatas, &c. for two, three, or four voices; seguedilla, only part of a tonadilla.

T. T. vol. i. p. 179.

O'erturn

O'erturn his chaise in torrent, dike, or bog;
 Soufe him with showers, bewilder him with fog!
 Let caitiff publican o'ercharge his bill;
 And toothless matron fleece him at quadrille!
 —What direful wish from frantic passion sped?
 Return, my curses, on my guilty head—
 Prevent, ye gods! my Richard's warm desires
 With all that reason wins, and fancy fires!
 May beetles, bats, and toads, his steps surround! 170
 May gypsies smile, and lutes and bag-pipes sound!
 For him, let lizards people every wall,
 And monstrous maggots from the viands crawl!

To gain the notice of an F. R. S.

Th' Iernian plains do teeming wonders bless,

[L. 171. *Gypsies.*] Numbers throughout, &c.—The assertion, that they are all so abandoned, as that author [Le Voyageur François] says, is too general.—I have lodged many times in their houses, and never missed the most trifling thing, though I have left my knives, forks, candlesticks, spoons, and linen at their mercy—and I have more than once known unsuccessful attempts made for a private interview with some of their young females, who virtuously rejected both the courtship and money.—We got to Chiridell, where we past the night on straw, in a venta kept by gypsies, the doors and windows of which were always open—by *reason*—they had none to shut.—Our landlady, however, very obligingly danced a Fandango with the soldier, to the sound of the Tambour de Basque and Castannetas. May the 18th, we entered the city of Granada, &c. &c. and put up at the inn, kept by gypsies.—Don Fernando and his man, with myself, my servant, the host, hostess, three children, and some foot-travellers, all slept on the straw together.

T. T. vol. i. p. 265.

Such

222 AN HEROIC EPISTLE

Such potent drugs as antient Colchos bore,
 The venom'd herbage of Theffalian lore ?
 With alligators swarms the river's tide ?
 Do winged basilisks the breezes ride ?
 In vain, in vain, you tread the barren plains ; 180
 Nor asp, nor tumbledung, rewards your pains ;
 The wretched vales, nor snake, nor scorpion, boast,
 Saint Patrick chac'd them from the guilty coast.
 Mere *common* flies the noontide shambles breed,
 Mere *vulgar* lice on Irish beggars feed ;
 In vain your teeth, your microscope, you try,
 They seem but English to the taste and eye.

While Pinna weeps to Murcian vales and bowers,
 What cares, what studies, fill the wanderer's hours !
 Dost thou with learn'd and deep precision mark 190
 The length of turkey, and the breadth of lark ?

Thy

L. 181. *Tumbledung.*] The beetle, which the Americans call *tumbledung*, particularly demands our attention, &c. Its strength is given it for more useful purposes than exciting human curiosity; for there is no creature more laborious, either in seeking subsistence or in providing a proper retreat for its young: they are endowed with sagacity to discover subsistence—by their excellent smell, which directs them to—excrements just fallen from man or beast, on which they instantly drop, and fall unanimously to work in forming round balls or pellets thereof, in each of which they inclose an egg.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 14.

L. 183. *Saint Patrick.*] Saint Patrick, according to some old traditions, banished snakes, and other venomous creatures, from Ireland.

L. 191. *Turkey, &c. Lark.*] The larks here are of

Thy sumptuous board do rotten viands load,
 And writhing maggots feed thy darling toad?
 Dost thou thy muster-roll of beauties frame,
 And call to judgement each aspiring dame?
 A second Paris—on thy dread commands,
 In naked glory wait the shining bands.
 A thousand nymphs, Ierne's proudest boast,
 A thousand nymphs—and every nymph a toast—
 While nice discernment, in impartial scale, 200
 The tooth of Phyllis weighs with Mira's nail,
 Adjusts the credit and the debt of charms,
 The legs of Portia with Calista's arms,
 Blondina's lily with Belinda's rose,
 And Laura's pretty foot with Flavia's nose;
 But canst thou, fond and feeling as thou art,
 Survey the charmer, and preserve thy heart?

an extraordinary size; the largest which I shot measured seventeen inches when the wings were extended.

T. T. vol. i. p. 66.

L. 193. *Writing Maggots.*] Since my return to England, I procured two toads, in order to observe their manner of feeding, which they did out of my hand, wherein I held some maggots, which I had engendered in rotten meat; the toads darted out their tongues with a motion as rapid as the flyer of a jack, so that the eye could scarcely follow them, and swallowed the maggot, which adhered to the glutinous part of the tongue.

T. T. vol. ii. p. 96.

L. 194. *Muster-roll of beauties.*] Mr. Twiss had seriously conceived a design of making a catalogue of beauties ranked according to their respective merits, for the embellishment of his intended book of travels through Ireland.

Some

224 AN HEROIC EPISTLE

Some secret spell the homeliest maidens find,
 To fire the tinder of thy yielding mind.
 Each stature, colour, feature, age, and shape, 210
 Brown as they were, not gypsies could escape :
 Their smutty charms your-wandering eyes betray'd,
 And oft and oft you wrong'd the Murcian maid.
 With soothing speech you woo'd the tawny train,
 And sometimes too—you mourn'd their proud dis-
 dain.
 Distracting thought!—Some Irish damsel's thrall,
 Perhaps this moment at her feet you fall ;
 Or on the footstool of her chariot stand,
 Sigh, chatter, flirt her fan, and squeeze her hand,
 When city belles in Sunday-pomp are seen, 220
 And gilded chariots troll round Stephen's green.
 Ye Gods above!—Ye blackguard boys below !
 Oh, splash his stockings, and avenge my woe !

L. 215. See p. 221. Note, l. 171.

L. 218. *Footstool of her chariot.*] The ladies afterwards took an airing in their chariots, drawn by four and six mules, slowly driving backwards and forwards along the mall, or alameda, which is pleasantly planted with trees on the side of the river Xenil; the gentlemen walked on foot, and from time to time got on the footstep of the carriages, placing their arm over the coach-door, "cortejando las señoras," cicisbeing the ladies, which ceremony I could not in conscience dispense with.

T. T. vol. i. p. 257.

L. 220. *Stephen's Green.*] A place of public resort, especially on Sundays, when the nobility and gentry take the air there, and parade in their carriages—for a description of it, vide Twiss's Tour in Ireland.

Perhaps

Perhaps some Syren wafts thee all alone,
 In magic vehicle to cates unknown ;
 High-low machine, that bears plebeian wight
 To distant tea-house, or funereal rite :
 Still as it moves, the proud pavillion nods,
 A chaise by mortals, *NODDY* term'd by gods.
 Where Donnybrook surveys her winding rills, 230
 And Chapel-izod rears her funny hills :
 Thy sumptuous board the little Loves prepare,
 And Sally Lun and *saffron-cake* are there.
 Blest saffron cakes ! from you may Dublin claim
 Peculiar pleasure, and peculiar fame !
 Blest cates ! plump, yellow, tempting as the breast
 Of gipsy, heaving through the tatter'd vest !
 Once smocks alone neglected saffron dyed
 (Unwash'd to wear them was the maiden's pride) :
 The generous drug, more honour'd than of yore, 240
 Now fills the bellies it adorn'd before.

Yet shall our lemons to potatoes bend ?
 With Spanish dames shall Irish maids contend ?
 Or Dublin beggars boast an equal part
 With Murcian gipsies in my Richard's heart ?

L. 229.] For a description of this vehicle, see the same Work.

L. 230.] Donnybrook, Chapel-izod, names of pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

L. 238.] Alluding to the custom, which antiently prevailed among the Irish, of dying their linen with saffron.

226 AN HEROIC EPISTLE

Are fairer throngs at play than bull-fight seen?
 Or yield our alamedes to Stephen's green?
 The rocket's blaze shall dim the comet's tail,
 When Liffey's banks contend with Murcia's vale;
 And lemons crown the bleak Hibernian coast, 250
 Ere Irish miss the charms of Pinna boast.
 Let birth, let grandeur, strike thy lifted eye,
 And say, what maiden shall with Pinna vie?
 The best, the proudest, of your Irish dames
 Reflected pride from Spanish lineage claims.
 What are the glories of Milesian blood?
 A scant infusion of our generous flood—
 But so debas'd, so lost, you vainly trace
 The genial currents in the mongrel race.
 Well (for, by chance divine, a map I found), 260
 I know each single spot of Irish ground;
 Thy daily wanderings on the sheet I trace,
 And hunt thee with a pin from place to place.
 Hibernian fens, with cold Lethéan steams,
 Diffuse dull loiterings and oblivious dreams.
 Yet should some chance the thoughtless rover call
 Where crowded Limerick rears th' embattled wall,
 Where, Cloacine! thy fanes are yet unknown,
 And foul cascades benighted strangers drown;

L. 267.] It seems probable that Donna Teresa derived her idea of Limerick from some old book of travels, as this town is not at present remarkable for either "embattled walls," or "foul cascades."

Then

Then shall his love, reviv'd by well-known stink, 270
Remember Spain, and on Teresa think.

Come, Richard, come, no more perplex thy head
With writing books that never shall be read.

What joys, what sports, can Irish plains afford,

What tender lady, or what treating lord?

At twilight-hour what painted Floras rove?

Oh, where shall traveller taste the joys of love?

In what kind tavern shall he wear the night;

Where find a bagnio fit for Christian wight?

What beggar-maid shall fire him with her charms?

Or what soft gipsy fill his longing arms? 281

The gipsy-damsel tyrant Houghton claims,

And, envious caitiff! mars thy rising flames.

The fable cart—detested object—rolls,

And rumbles dire dismay to vagrant souls:

The mutes around it stalk—a griesly band—

The bloody halberd arms each iron hand.

All, all the ragged to their empire bend,

Old, young, blind, lame, the fatal cart ascend.

Not shrieking infant for his youth he spares; 290

Not bearded grandfire for his silver hairs;

Not maiden coy, with rage and terror pale;

He dooms, he bears her to his proud ferail.

E'en

L. 282.] Mr. Houghton, employed by the governors of the House of Industry in regulating the police of that place, and assigning proper tasks to the paupers.

L. 293.] House of Industry. Thus described by
Q² the

228 AN HEROIC EPISTLE

E'en when the ballad-finger's note is loud,
 And fears and wishes sooth the melting crowd,
 When artless love, and love's disport, she sings,
 Or heroes pendent in unworthy strings;
 Sudden the cart—the fatal cart appears—
 The captive minstrel sleeps her song in tears.
 But, ah, my fears, my boding fears arise, 300
 (Within the vagrant act my Richard lies)
 Lest thou the cart's unenvied height should'st gain,
 And ride triumphant through the hooting train.
 Once only skill'd to feed the toad and asp,
 Say, canst thou oakum pick, or logwood rasp?
 But mightier fears distract thy Pinna's mind,
 For mightier ills are yet unnam'd behind.
 Such perils wait thee on the guilty shore,
 As never damsel mourn'd, nor errant bore.
 Where'er you tread, the snares of death surround;
 Fierce is the duellist, the punk unfound. 311
 Not *there* to games and theatres confin'd,
Bulls rove at large, and butt at all mankind:

the late Alderman Faulkner—"House of Industry, first contrived by Mr. Benjamin Houghton, Weaver, and several other worthy clergymen, for taking up cripples that lie in the streets; folks without legs that stand at the corners, and such-like vagrants. We have the pleasure to hear, that all the ballad-fingers, blind harpers, hackball, and many other nefarious old women, are in there already. My nephew Todd and I subscribe to it annually; and when I die, I will leave it a legacy in my will.

L. 305.] The paupers in the House of Industry are often employed in these tasks.

The

The meanest peasant keeps them in his cell ;
 They roar in churches, and in senates dwell ;
 Infest the gay rotund, the neighbouring grove,
 The lawyer's pleading, and the soldier's love.
 My timely warnings treasure in thine ear ;
 And Irish *bulls*, my gallant stranger, fear.
 And yet 'tis well—these fears, these dangers rise, 320
 To drive thee back to love and genial skies.
 May scorn on scorn, on laughter laughter fall,
 And back to Pinna hunt her flighted thrall !
 Where'er you go, may burbling titter sound,
 The sneer, the whisper, and the gibe, go round !
 May females fly the luckless traveller smoke,
 And wags malicious tip th' eternal joke !
 May critic tribes thy still-born tome pursue,
 Dissect it, tear it, in the next Review !
 Unlucky race ! in wantonness of spite, 330
 They grin, they scratch, they chatter, and they bite ;
 To hunt their nasty game, by hunger led,
 They feed on vermin of an author's head :
 Thus well-bred monkies claw the peopled crowns
 Of lazy loons in Lusitanian towns,

L. 334. *Monkies.*] Strolling one day about the
 streets of Lisbon, in search of new objects, I was wit-
 ness to an uncommon scene, which was of two men sit-
 ting in the street, having each a large baboon on his
 shoulders, freeing his head from vermin, with which it
 swarmed. The baboons are very dextrous, and are the
 property of a man who gains his livelihood by thus em-
 ploying them.

T. T. vol. i. p. 23.

230 AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

With keen dispatch devour the noxious brood,
 And find at once both exercise and food—
 And ne'er, my dear cortejo and my friend,
 Ne'er shall success thy Irish loves attend :
 Hibernian dames, a bold and forward kind, 340
 To bashful love and modest worth are blind.
 Ill shall the timid awe, the blushing grace,
 Suit the rough manners of the savage race.
 Thy humble deference, thy respectful art,
 Thy veil'd attentions stealing on the heart,
 Mere custard to that *ostrich* tribe shall feel,
 To civil brass inur'd, and martial steel.
 Come, Richard, come, forget Hibernian charms,
 And close thy wanderings in Teresa's arms.
 No critics here in coffee-houses rage, 350
 No classic females learned warfare wage ;
 But ball and bull-fights charm the courtly throng,
 The midnight chorus, and the matin song.
 Here tune thy fiddle, here refit thy bow,
 And pitch thy printer to the fiends below.—
 The swallow thus, in pride of youthful blood,
 Forsakes his antient tenement of mud ;
 From hill to hill, from plain to plain he roves,
 And chirps his wishes to the neighbouring groves :
 But, when the rains descend, and whirlwinds roar, }
 Fond of the humble seat he scorn'd before, 361 }
 He nestles close within, and quits its verge no
 more. }

THE
B A T T I A D.
IN TWO CANTOS.

First printed in the Year 1750.

Of this Poem, which is supposed to be the production of Moses Mendez, Esq. assisted by Paul Whitehead and Dr. Schomberg, two Cantos only were published. It was occasioned by a dispute between the latter gentleman and the College of Physicians; the particulars of which it will be necessary shortly to explain. Dr. Schomberg, having practised some years as a Physician in London, received a notice from the College, of their intention to examine him in the usual form, and to admit him a Licentiate. This notice the Doctor treated with contempt: instead of submitting to the examination, he objected to the names of some persons who were to be examined at the same time, and behaved with some haughtiness to those of the College, who he complained had used him ill, in ordering him to be examined in such company. The College, considering themselves the sole judges of what persons they should call upon, refused to attend to the Doctor's objection; but examined the person against whom he seemed most to except, in consequence of which they received the gentleman with extraordinary honour; and, fresh affronts being given on both sides, they proceeded to interdict the Doctor from practising until he had given such satisfaction as his conduct required. In the mean time, Dr. S. submitted to be examined, and procured the degree of Doctor of Physic to be conferred on him by the University of Cambridge; and, thus supported, demanded his admittance a second time, not as a Licentiate, but as one of the body. This demand was refused to be complied with, upon the ground that the Doctor, though naturalized, could not hold the office of Censor in the College, which was an office of trust; and this refusal brought the determination of the business into Westminster-Hall. But, before that period, the following Poem was published, which, though it may be censured for want of candour, will be allowed to be possessed of considerable poetical merit; and on that account alone we have thought it worthy to be preserved in this Collection.

T H E
B A T T I A D.
C A N T O I.

A WAKE, my Muse, whate'er thy name
may be,

Or sprung from heavenly seed, or low degree,
Whether thou equal'st Garth's majestic rage,
Or crawl'st, like Blackmore, through the drowsy
page,

Much it imports the business to explain 5
That shook the puny state of Warwick-Lane:
Then, thrice invok'd, expand thy raven's wing:
Vast is the task, for thou hast much to sing.

Great Rock, to thee I dedicate my lays;
Though no Degree thy equal merit raise, 10
Yet shall your skill to latest times endure,
Like Graduates oft you kill, like them you some-
times cure,

'Twas now the day when Fellows Fellows meet,
To talk of weighty matters, then to eat;
Meanwhile the Patient, from his tyrant free, 15
Inhales fresh health, and lives without a fee.

First

First BATTUS came, deep-read in worldly art,
 Whose tongue ne'er knew the secrets of his heart;
 In mischief mighty, though but mean of size,
 And, like the Tempter, ever in disguise. 20
 See him, with aspect grave, and gentle tread,
 By slow degrees, approach the sickly bed:
 Then at his club behold him alter'd soon,
 The solemn Doctor turns a low Buffoon:
 And he, who lately in a learned freak 25
 Poach'd every Lexicon, and publish'd Greek,
 Still madiy emulous of vulgar praise,
 From Punch's forehead wrings the dirty bays.

But who is that whose gogling eye-balls scowl,
 Like the full orbs of the Cecropian fowl? 30
 Hail, POCUS*, hail!—Ye Midwives, sound his
 fame!

Ye Nurfes, sing in lullabies his name!
 'Tis his to ease from pangs the labouring wife,
 And tug the little offspring into life.

As blind Tiresias*, on a luckless day, 35
 Lost his first sex, as antient Poets say;
 So purring POCUS, once scarce known to fame,
 Of an unskilful Leach, a Matron grave became.

Him Granta saw, and bade her learned vest
 Bind his broad shoulders, and embrace his chest; 40
 Yet never quaff'd he of her sacred stream,
 No Muse inspiring waits his morning dream.

* Dr. Nesbit.

The scarlet robe its heavy wearer mocks ;
So fits a racer's faddle on an ox.

As he pass'd by, a numerous tribe succeeds, 45
Thick as in standing corn the purple weeds ;
Names you could hardly think did e'er exist,
But that you see them in the College List.
Slow-footed Adams * hobbled in the throng,
And Dod, a Giant Spectre, slouch'd along ; 50
Then Brown march'd onward, deep in physic leer,
And chattering Chauncy wriggled in the rear.

Each Æsculapian Sage assumes his seat,
When BATTUS thus forestals the promis'd treat :

“ Ere yet we on the choicest viands dine, 55
“ Ere the deep glass be dy'd with generous wine,
“ Think, think, my friends, what mischiefs threat
“ our state,
“ Now Ruin perches on our College-gate ;
“ There Graduate Schomberg for his answer stands,
“ Examin'd thrice, his entrance loud demands : 60
“ But, by yon pile, where on the chissel'd stone
“ The well-wrought Madman seems to live and
“ groan,
“ Where on clean straw, sequester'd in their cells,
“ The Patriot, Sage, and Bard immortal dwells,

* The epithet *swift-footed* given to Achilles, who was famous for slaying mankind, is, by being reversed, a most high compliment on the Learned Gentleman to whom it is applied.

“ I swear,

" I swear, my soul detests the hated league, 65

" And Hell, if Heaven should fail, shall second

" my intrigue.

" Sooner shall rivers to their springs return,

" Or Warwick-Lane at sickly seasons mourn ;

" Sooner shall roses bloom upon the main,

" Fish sport in woods, nay I turn Whig * again; 70

" Than Schomberg in our College find a place :

" This interdicting hand shall crush his race ;

" What though he claim admittance as his right,

" The power of numbers makes a raven white.

" Our Alma-Mater shall in vain protest, 75

" 'Tis mine to make her bow her haughty crest ;

" Down, down with Cam and Isis' reverend schools,

" Shall we proceed on dull exploded rules !

" Now welcome those on Leman's banks who feed,

" The fat Batavian, and the sons of Tweed ; 80

" These in full swarms shall all our College fill,

" And claim an equal privilege to kill ;

" While I superior to the rest shall sit,

" A Lecturer, Mimic, Editor, and Wit.

" Nor ask what cause inflames my stubborn

" hate, 85

" My settled purpose is as fix'd as Fate ;

* The Editor is in doubt with himself, whether it should not be *Wig* ; for Battus is apt to turn his wig for the entertainment of his company, as his coat for his own private emolument.

" Reject

CANTO THE FIRST. 237

“ Reject our Claimant, nor his threatenings fear,
“ OURSELF through Law’s wild maze will guide

“ you clear,

“ Till every Court my deep address shall own ;

“ What! — are your BATTUS’ arts so little
“ known?” 90

He said, and paus’d; the Midwife rear’d his
fize,

Rolling from side to side his Ox-like * eyes ;

And while the scarlet Heroes he address’d,

Thick eruptions half his speech suppress’d.

“ By Ædepol †, my BATTUS, here I swear, 95

“ I undismay’d with thee will greatly dare,

“ With thee I’ll misinterpret, meanings strain,

“ Or wade through miry roads of deep chicane.

“ As hounds together in one couple ty’d,

“ As Pope and Devil sitting side by side, 100

“ As Mountebank and quaint Jack-Pudding join,

“ So ever mix thy friendly name with mine.

“ Nor think I’ve idly slept : you know my trade

“ Is Nature’s dark recesses to invade ;

* An epithet, that so much exalted the beauty of
Homer’s Juno, must no doubt pass an high compli-
ment on the grace of feature of our incomparable Mid-
wife.

† Ædepol]. It was the custom of the Roman Ladies
to swear by Castor, as the Men did by Hercules. An
asseveration by the Temple of Pollux was made use of
by both sexes, and therefore aptly put in the mouth of
the Midwife.

“ Through

" Through alleys groping, lo! I set to view 105

" The affidavit of an half-starv'd Jew *:

" And did not I my critic skill display?

" See my epistle upon *O* and *A* †.

" Man, haughty man, indebted to the brutes,

" Assumes that name which best his nature suits; 110

" Heroes are Lions in an human shape,

" A Fox the Statesman, and the Beau an Ape;

" Then, to reward the yearnings of my soul,

" Salute your Midwife by the name of *Mole*.

" Nor think I'll ever from your banners fly, 115

" I Schomberg hate, nor know the reason why:

" Perhaps too oft his busy Sire I meet,

" That cursed chariot rolls through every street;

" Perhaps—I know not what inflames my rage,

" But youthful ardour thaws my frozen age; 120

* *Half-starv'd Jew*.] Pocus, by his great skill in the occult sciences, found out a Jew in a certain corner of the town, and got him to make an affidavit that Schomberg was born abroad; which was true in fact, for he never saw England till he was two or three years old; and, in consequence of not being a native, was incapable of being admitted Fellow---at least this was the joint opinion of Battus and Pocus.

† *O* and *A*.] While Schomberg was carrying on his bill of naturalization, an anonymous letter was written to the Speaker of the House of Commons, purporting that Schomberg intended to impose upon the Parliament; for whereas he of late spelt his name with an *O*, he, or his father, used formerly to write it with an *A*. The Midwife is, for many reasons, suspected to be the author of this letter; for, among others, two witnesses are ready to depose upon oath that he can write.

" Sleepless

" Sleepless I lye, I foam, I tofs, I rave,
 " Mad as the Priests in Apollo's cave.
 " Let Heberden his views by truth direct;
 " Let Reeve oppose, an obstinate Elect;
 " Let Leatherland be stubborn to his trust, 125
 " Faint-hearted wretch, who dares not be unjust;
 " Ourselves sit here above the dread of law,
 " Each powerful Fellow is a grim Bashaw;
 " Though when from hence he drives his painted
 " wane,
 " He shrinks into his Nothingness again. 130
 " Then hear your Pocus, my Associates dear,
 " Drive Schomberg hence, nor yield to idle fear.
 " So Child's and Batson's shall your triumphs tell,
 " And every Parish toll her Passing-bell.
 " Then, gentle Brethren, give your kind assent." 135
 He ceas'd: the Rabble roar'd, " Content, con-
 " tent."

Loud was the din—Thus, prouling out for food,
 The cackling mother leads the waddling brood;
 If aught disturb them, all together cry,
 And the hoarse clangor echoes through the
 sky; 140
 Goose answers goose with dissonance of voice,
 And Sarum's steeples catch the grating noise.

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO

C A N T O II.

O THOU, great Chief of Physic and Grimace,
 Thou modern Janus with a double face !
 Though long detain'd, behold me once again ;
 Unbid, your Poet mingles in your train.
 From when the lark salutes the rising ray, 5
 Till the fell owl at evening scours for prey,
 I'll pay the tribute to thy worth sublime
 In all the vast varieties of rhyme :
 Nor think to make your Harlequin escapes ;
 Know, I will hunt you through your Proteus'
 shapes ; 10
 Whig, Jack, or Tory, change to what you will,
 Believe me, BATTUS, I will hold you still.
 When Art, oppress'd, gives way to pique or gain,
 Where are the Chiefs that should her cause sustain ?
 Where slumbers MEAD, when Truth and Justice
 calls ? 15

Like them, he flies the hated College-walls.
 Rise from thy trance, thou venerable Sage,
 Avenge the wrong'd, and dignify thy age ;
 So shall my Muse, though little us'd to soar,
 Add to thy wreaths one humble laurel more. 20

CANTO THE SECOND. 241

But see—the banquet smokes upon the board ;
 How hard the task its honours to record !
 Else might a Bard, well-vers'd in eating phrase,
 His numbers polish, swell his dainty lays ;
 Till the huge Munckley should commend each line, 25
 Lick his thick lips, and cry, “ 'Tis all divine !”

Yet not unfung must be the forest's pride ;
 An hundred knives are buried in his side ;
 The gashing blades descending crimson streaks,
 Gaunt terror whitens every Sage's cheeks ; 30
 In sign of wrath, their wrinkled brows they draw,
 And mutter feebly, “ Oh ! 'tis raw, 'tis raw !”

All for a while is silent as the tomb,
 Save the hoarse rumbling of Dame Pocus' womb.

Now shift the scene, to Bacchus raise the song ; 35
 Curious in drinking is the scarlet throng.
 The toasts are nam'd, and round they quickly pass ;
 Champaign's rich grape bounds sparkling o'er the
 glafs ;

In deeper tints Burgundian nectar glows,
 Rival of beauty's cheek, and summer's rose : 40
 From breast to breast unusual pleasure runs,
 And Comus hollows to his laughing sons :
 Each told his tale, and won th' approving smile,
 When to the rest thus spoke the *man of guile* :

“ Behold, my friends, what this right-hand
 “ contains, 45

“ See this dear offspring of my fertile brains ;

" A new LYCURGUS in your BATTUS find,
 " A little CZAR ! 'tis mine to mend mankind ;
 " Nor think I idly float on Thames's wave,
 " From poachers' hands the scaly herd to save ; 50
 " Think not in bowers fast by her silver spring
 " I rust in ease, and Lyric measures sing :
 " No, brethren, no ; this volume you behold
 " (Dear as to misers' bosoms treasur'd gold)
 " Teems with deep plots, built up on counsels
 " sage : 55

" This little quarto's worth the Sibyl's page.
 " Who pulls the blossom from the vernal shoot,
 " Shall ne'er in Autumn taste the ripen'd fruit.
 " Secrets too soon divulg'd are render'd vain,
 " As pieces over-charg'd recoil again ; 60
 " Else to such friends I'd every thought disclose,
 " And hold at nought the MEADS and the
 " MONRO'S."

He ceas'd, and bow'd ; around the bottles pass,
 And the gay Doctors bumper every glass,
 Save BATTUS' self, who ever shunn'd to taste 65
 The genial liquor at the rich repast.
 Designing gamesters thus, intent on prey,
 Set on the heedless rook, but never play.

The Midwife slung his wig, grew wondrous wise,
 And the grape's dew came drizzling through his
 eyes ; 70

CANTO THE SECOND. 243

His fallow face, impurpled o'er with wine,
Look'd Mother Red-cap on a country sign :
And thus he mumbled in his BATTUS' ear :

“ Thy views I reach not, yet I shake with fear ;
“ For, from a friend endued with second sight, 75
“ And prompted by the visions of the night,
“ These accents broke—“ I feel my breast on fire
“ And utter truths : retire, profane, retire ;
“ See mighty legions rushing to the war,
“ Their burnish'd armour glitters from afar ; 80
“ And now their floating banners they unfold,
“ The names of Cam and Isis glare in gold :
“ Our nerveless squadrons from their fury run,
“ So birds of night avoid the piercing sun ;
“ While BATTUS, Pocus, by their friends for-
“ lorn, 85
“ Contention's twins, are doom'd to endless scorn ;
“ Maids, wives, and children, hoot them every
“ where,
“ And ballads sing the *disappointed pair* ;
“ Ev'n farthing pictures shew, in postures quaint,
“ Th' affected patriot, and obitetric saint.” 90

Sly BATTUS sneer'd, and turn'd his head aside ;
Then, whispering to LUCINA's Priest, replied :

“ The village-lad is rough and free from art,
“ The courtier easy, and the 'prentice smart.
“ We draw from friends the colour of our life ; 95
“ And thou companion to each teeming wife,

" Must from the sex the soft infection bear
 " Of dreading danger when no peril's near.
 " Think not my hopes are built on idle schemes ;
 " I deal, my friend, in no prophetic dreams : 100
 " But in a certain place there dwells a wight,
 " Perhaps a Doctor, and perhaps a Knight:
 " Who, taught by prudence, deep from view re-
 " tires,
 " Skulks 'twixt the scenes, and pulls your Punch's
 " wires."

Thus BATTUS, cautious not too much to say, 105
 For shallow praters every scheme betray.
 The nicest workmen handle different tools,
 And politicians want both knaves and fools;
 The wise like biting faulchions we may use,
 Blockheads like cudgels serve to bang and bruise. 110

So, when the thirst of fame the chieftain calls,
 To set his legions round beleaguer'd walls;
 Small use, or none, the martial pike affords,
 And bullets there are wanted more than swords.

Shall I relate how some, with aspect wise, 115
 Talk'd for whole hours of moths and butterflies?
 How some their ardour for *virtù* profess,
 And clasp mild Dulness in fair Learning's dress;
 Who purchase coins if there be rust enough,
 Where hood-wink'd knowledge plays at blind-
 man's buff?

CANTO THE SECOND. 245

Or shall I tell how BATTUS debonnair
Skrew'd up his face, and frisk'd from chair to
chair?

Not wanton Pug was ever seen so gay,
So full of mischief, and so full of play.

“ This night, he cried, in jollity maintain! 125

“ To-morrow business shall resume the rein ;

“ Exhaust the bottle, drain the mantling bowl,

“ Till the legs totter, and the eye-balls roll ;

“ Such generous juice shall every thought refine,

“ Make the grave sportful, and the blockhead

“ shine.”

130

More had he said, but Somnus wav'd his rod,
And every Sage confess'd the drowsy God :
With lengthen'd faces yawning they retreat,
Sated with converse, and excess of meat.
On to the door the slow procession pass'd ; 135
Dame Pocus waddled first, and BATTUS bounded
last.

Thus, when pale Cynthia gilds the placid sphere,
The Fowls to Wisdom' and to Dulness dear
On nimble wing through air's vast region fly,
Hoot in disport, and gambol through the sky: 140
But, when the Delian virgin blunts her horn,
And Lucifer awakes the rosy morn,
The fateful Birds avoid the blazing ray,
And pass in grave stupidity the day.

R 3

Awhile

246 THE BATTIAD.

Awhile farewell, ye Seers of Warwick-Lane; 145
Soon I propose to visit you again ;
On every shrine new trophies shall be hung
To Thee, great Master of the Double Tongue.

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

A DIS-

A DISSERTATION UPON LAUGHTER

A N D,

AN ESSAY ON HUMOUR.

Both first printed in 1741.

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A DISSERTATION UPON LAUGHTER.

IT is well known amongst the observers of Nature, that, if any particular state of the mind is frequently, though arbitrarily, connected with any particular action of the body, no sooner is the mind at any time in this state, than the action will immediately follow. I am acquainted with a person, whose jocular state of mind is constantly accompanied with a most expressive hitch-up of his breeches. As his jests are generally spiced with ill-nature, I suppose this his jocular turn was often, when a boy, succeeded by the discipline of the rod, and that he still continues, whenever he finds the spirit coming on him, to seize fast hold of his breeches for the security of his posteriors.

This combining principle is called by philosophers *association*, and is perhaps one of the most extensive and useful in all nature. To this principle we owe Chubb's famous horse, the wonderful card-playing dog, and the many curious dancing-bears, which entertain the populace of this polite city; and I reverence their several masters as most practical philosophers. I knew one of them, who taught a whole litter of pigs to dance; and, as his
method

method both proves and illustrates the power of *association*, I shall relate it.

He heated an oven, into which he put a pig, and immediately with his fiddle played a tune : the pig, exceedingly attentive that its feet and the oven might not come to too close an union, shifted and danced about. This operation he repeated every day for a considerable time ; longer or shorter, according to the capacity of the pig, and its readiness in learning. After the proper repetitions of these lessons, he trusted the pig to itself, which, without the help of the oven, began to caper as soon as he began to fiddle. Here the power of *association* must be owned strongly to exert itself upon the pig's legs, which, though originally set a-going by the heat of the oven, now take the alarum from the squeak of the fiddle, and the pig acquired a very good ear in music by the channel of its toes.

Locke, in his chapter of *association*, mentions a young gentleman, the dancing quality of whose legs depended upon the position of an old trunk, which was placed in the room where he learnt ; and, though an excellent dancer, it was only whilst the trunk was there he could make his legs keep measure to the harmony of the fiddle. And I have been told of a person, who, having undergone the operation for the stone, always, upon the sight of an incision-knife, called out for an urinal.

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I was led into this train of thought, by having spent an evening in a very laughing society; and, when I got home, I began to reflect what connexion there could be between a ludicrous thought and the convulsive motions of laughter. As, in most of my philosophical difficulties, I have recourse to the *associating* principle, I quickly perceived, that the frequent opportunities we have of exercising this most salutary and delectable faculty of laughter, were wholly owing to the power of *association*.

A certain learned and accurate Anatomist, in his treatise *de Risu*, gives the following mechanical account of Laughter. "No animal, says he, except man, is capable of being tickled, which is occasioned from their not having the *papillæ* of the nerves so exposed as they are in the skin of the human species, in whom these *papillæ* lie very superficially, especially about the sides of the chest; as these nerves communicate with the nerves which give motion to the muscles of breathing, whenever they are irritated by tickling, their vibrations are propagated to the communicating nerves, which throw the muscles of breathing into short, quick, and convulsive motions, and is the action of laughter." So far our Author.

This operation of tickling is generally performed by the nurse in our infancy; and, when
we

we arrive at a capacity of reflecting upon our own sensations, we perceive, in the operation, a ridiculous and absurd kind of feeling, which we are at a loss how to refer to the class of either pleasure or pain, but conceive it as an amphibious sensation, or as pleasure in the very state of metamorphosis shifting off into pain.

Whenever, therefore, the mind is in this state of ambiguity, upon any object whatsoever appearing to be thrown out of the currency of the species to which it properly belongs, and is, as it were, passing into the direct contrary, so as not to be wholly either; the muscles of laughter take the hint, and, like the pig's legs, think it their duty to fall to work.

Thus we should not fail to laugh upon seeing a judge in his ermine at chuck-farthing, or a bishop in his lawn-sleeves playing at push-pin. For to what class can the mind assign these contradictory appearances? or, shall it presume to rank ermine and lawn-sleeves with the horn-book? The characters are shifting into their reverse, and cannot be classed; and the mind is therefore under an intellectual tickling.

The ape, of all the brute creation, ofteneft occasions laughter; for, by its specious grave countenance and mimic actions, it so far becomes ambiguous, as to render the mind for a start doubtful
whether

whether to rank it with man or beast: and, when we laugh at a fool's uttering maxims, it is from viewing folly assume the state of wisdom, and acting the part of the ass in the fable, whose ears got abroad, and discovered what was under the lion's skin. But nothing is so exquisite an intellectual tickling, as to see wise men, in the fullness of their wisdom, commit foolish actions; or thinking men, in the very act of thought, commit thoughtless ones: thus a Newton, stopping his pipe with a fair lady's finger; or a Barrow, in the very complaisant action of handing a titled dame from her coach, stopping to make use of his accustomed watering-post; is such a thoughtful thoughtlessness, such a tickling ambiguity, as would shake the fides even of an Heraclitus.

From what has been said, it will be easy to distinguish the genuine from the false motives of laughter; and we may always pronounce a laugh ill-placed, when the object which occasions it is consistent, and does not hang dubious between its own and an opposite nature; but, if any of my readers remain still unsatisfied, let them, with the eye of a philosopher, study that inexhaustible fund of laughter, Sir John Falstaff; they will then perceive, that he is an errant Proteus, and that they laugh because they cannot fix him; that, when they imagine they have grasped the coward, he slips off with an

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instinct,

instinct, and palms the lion on them; that, with the exquisiteness of his wit, he does not perceive the palpable grossness of his own lies; that he is lewd in old age, frolicksome in grey-hairs, and in short is so amphibious, that, in the gravity of a Spaniard, they meet the gaiety of a Frenchman.

It would be endless to enumerate all the subjects of laughter; but I must observe, that playing the mimic is a species of them, and a strong proof of my system. The common phrase of "taking off" a person is very expressive of its nature; and what is this, but one person's assuming the looks, manner, gesture, or voice, of another, so as to leave it doubtful, whether he is more himself, or the person mimicked?

But let it be observed, if the looks, manner, gesture, or voice, thus assumed, appear natural in, and suit, the person who assumes them; it is then merely imitation, and never justly gives rise to a laugh; for that contrast, which is essential to laughter, is wanting.

I am sensible the practice of thousands may be urged as an objection to my system, who, good people! laugh upon all occasions; and let them laugh, for it is a most healthful exercise, gives briskness to the blood's motion, makes a proper and lively distribution of the animal spirits, and is a more powerful exorcism of those blue devils, which

too often possess our poor mortal fabric than what can be performed by a conclave of cardinals. However, it may be right to hint, that frequent laughter, without proper calls for it, carries the suspicion of folly; and therefore it may be prudent not to go into a constant course of it, unless, upon the grave advice of a physician, it be thought absolutely necessary for health.

But although the laughter of many people cannot be wholly reduced to my system, yet it generally arises at least from some faint resemblance to the true objects of laughter. Some years ago, even persons of the first rank dealt in a certain mercantile way, called "selling of bargains," in which I myself have been a trader: the laugh upon these occasions must be acknowledged something spurious, and arose from seeing a most attentive expecting countenance drop ail at once, upon the purchase, into a very sheepish one, as if there had been committed by the buyer a kind of blunder in expectation; though, upon strict examination, no reason can be given, why expectation should not be raised, since the excellency of the seller consisted in plausibly setting off his bargain. Of the like, but still a lower class, are the *bitters*, who have no other grounds for their laugh than our simple dependence upon their veracity. But the most unconscionable laughers are your *manual*
jokers.

jokers, who, after having laid on your back no ambiguous blow, burst out into a laugh at your surprize upon seeing a friend where you expected an enemy.

From my observation of the different kinds of laugh at present in practice, I have reduced them to the following classes; The genuine or hearty laugh; the titter; the giggle; the horse laugh, and the finical or guttural laugh.

The hearty and genuine laugh I have already explained.

The titter is a laugh smothered in its birth, the person not being in a convenient and proper place for the delivery of it: these miscarriages frequently happen in church, and other public places.

The giggle is peculiar to girls, and is owing to a certain petulancy in the muscles of laughter, to dance away without a fiddle. However, it is a very good preservative against the green sickness.

The horse laugh is a most formidable imitation of the true and natural laugh, and is often practised in public assemblies, to the great terror of speakers.

The finical, or guttural laugh *, is a most vile abuse of parts, and is an unnatural transferring the proper office of the chest to the throat; this often

* With deference, however, to this Author, it may be observed, that lord Chesterfield, who has disclaimed loud laughter as *illiberāl*, and unworthy a *gentleman*, would have given the preference to this silent expression of it.

arises from wearing long cravats, through a tender regard, lest they should be discomposed by the agitation of the breast and sides ; but, as they are gone greatly out of fashion, this laugh is now but little in use.

The hearty laugh is of all the most salutary; and I greatly admire the wisdom of our ancestors, who contrived fundry diversions to promote so wholesome an exercise. “The Hunting of the Whistle,” “Cross Purposes,” “What is my Thought like?” and many others, are founded upon the true principles of laughter; and, I will be bold to say, their being banished from polite company is more the cause of vapours amongst our women of fashion, than the liquor which is so often loaded with this imputation*: let me therefore recommend a laudable revival of these pastimes, and put my reader in mind of the old proverb, “Laugh, and be fat!”

* To obviate *scandal*, let it be remembered that TEA is the liquor alluded to.

AN ESSAY ON HUMOUR.

EVERY one who has been conversant in the writings of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, or a Swift, knows that laughter, or at least a tendency to it, is the natural effect of humour. It is a maxim in philosophy, that like effects always arise from like causes; we may therefore justly conclude, that there is a near resemblance between the objects of humour, and those which in the former dissertation I defined to be the true objects of laughter.

To satisfy myself in this point, I have been at some pains in perusing the most celebrated writers of this class; and find, that humour consists in picturing objects to the imagination, under the appearance of shifting off their own nature or character, to assume a direct contrary one; hanging, as it were, dubious between both. By an object, I do not only mean the mere object as presented to us by our senses, but likewise all the circumstances and adjuncts which are annexed to it by imagination: as piety to a bishop, gravity to a judge, courage to a soldier, and reason to mankind in general.

The 44th paper of the Freeholder abounds in humorous passages, every one of them of the nature

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If just now specified. " The Author describes his
 " Friend the fox-hunter arriving a little after break
 " of day at Charing-Cross; where, to his great
 " surprize, he saw a running-footman carried in a
 " chair, followed by a waterman in the same kind
 " of vehicle. He was wondering at the extrava-
 " gance of their masters, that furnished them with
 " such dresses and accommodations; when on a sud-
 " den he beheld a chimney-sweeper conveyed after
 " the same manner, with three footmen running
 " before him.—Soon after, he was much provoked
 " in the spirit of magistracy, being himself of the
 " quorum, upon discovering two very unseemly
 " objects; the first a judge, who rapped out a great
 " oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied
 " woman, who, upon taking a masculine leap into
 " a coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still
 " gave him greater offence, was a drunken bishop,
 " who reeled from one side to the other, and was
 " very sweet upon an Indian queen. But his wor-
 " ship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified
 " at the sight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom
 " he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and
 " conceived a particular affection for her, till he
 " found, to his great amazement, that the standers-
 " by suspected her to be a duchess."

I have extracted these passages from different parts
 of the paper; but the same strain of humour runs

through the whole. The reader at first sight may perceive what an ambiguity and contrast there is in each object: fervility in equipage, law breaking the statutes, piety got drunk and lewdly inclined, and the austere spirit of magistracy sweetening into wantonness at the sight of a pretty milk-maid.

However, this jarring in the objects of humour is not always placed so full in view. It is frequently softened, and the glare taken off, by being thrown, as it were, at a distance; and is rather suggested to the imagination by a hint, than marked out by strong lines. Of this kind is a passage in the above-mentioned paper, where our fox-hunter (concluding those whom he saw in masquerade habits to be foreigners) conceives a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an English country-gentleman, for he had been the object of some of their mirth.

We have here only a glimpse of the contrast; and it is upon imagination bringing to view the character of a fox-hunter, that we see his assuming to himself, as an English country-gentleman, the prerogative of not being laughed at by foreigners; it is the strut of a little man stretching himself into the class of tallness, and is an extending of Magna Charta somewhat beyond its natural precincts.

In like manner the imagination supplies the contrast, in the account Sir John Brute gives of Heart-free.

free. "He comes to my house; eats my meat;
 "lies with my wife; dishonours my family; gets
 "a bastard to inherit my estate; and when I ask a
 "civil account of all this, *Sir*, says he, *I wear a*
sword.—" Undoubtedly, being run through the
 body is an excellent reparation for the highest inju-
 ries. And this is the contrast which is suggested,
 though not directly expressed, by, *Sir*, *I wear a*
sword. There is in the passage, as it stands in the
 Comedy, still another species of humour, that arises
 from character, the explanation of which I reserve
 till I come to treat of *the humour of character.*

Where the mind itself is thus employed in com-
 pleting the sentiment, the humour is both deli-
 cate and pleasing; but often escapes a common
 or indolent reader, whose imagination requires a
 strong glare to rouse it.

But, as humour has various aspects, from being
 wove-in with sundry manners of writing, it is not
 perhaps every one who goes so critically to work, as
 to unravel an author, and separate the different spe-
 cies of his sentiments from each other; and may
 therefore imagine, though I have rightly defined
 the humour of the passages I have quoted, that my
 rule will not apply universally. There are un-
 doubtedly more complicated kinds of humour than
 those passages, and where the application may
 prove more difficult. But the learned know, that a

certain dexterity is very necessary in the use of every universal theorem; and, if my rule appears in any one instance to include all the properties which constitute the humour of a sentiment, it must be universal, or we class with impropriety different subjects under one and the same denomination.

It is frequent, both in conversation and writing, to blend wit and humour together, which has led many to confound them in their ideas, as if they were partakers of the same natures: whereas wit consists in finding out new and striking resemblances or congruities, and conveying them in such apt terms, as to make a lively impression upon the fancy; and from hence arises the observation, that where wit abounds, judgement is often deficient: for a mind which is pleased, and frequently employed in the assemblage of objects, that from a likeness in some particulars bear an affinity to each other, too often neglects the work of judgement, which is searching out the minutest difference between things, and carefully separating them from each other, so as not to be imposed upon by similitude, and take one for another.

But to return; there is therefore between wit and humour this remarkable difference. Humour combines and makes a coalition of objects, where there is a contrast and jarring amongst their several natures: wit, on the contrary, assembles only resemblances,

blances, and where it makes an actual coalition, as in metaphor and allegory, it is from some degree of congruity in the nature of the objects.

The *Tale of a Tub* abounds in instances of this mixture of wit and humour: and my readers will pardon me if I quote a very apt one, though perhaps not the most seemly. "Conscience," says the Author, "is a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipped down for the service of both." Here we view poor conscience travestied, and the purity of its function combined with a most impure occupation, from whence starts out a very odd and new resemblance. I am apt to think Oliver's conscience, and the breeches upon his coin, threw our author into this humourous and witty train of ideas. Of the same cast is his defining wisdom to be a fox, a cheese, a sack-posset, a hen, and a nut. And when wit and humour are thus associated, they strengthen each other, and assail us with an united force; from whence we often imagine the stroke to be single, and give it the name of wit or humour, according as the sentiment is more or less embossed by the one or the other. Before I conclude this article, I must observe, an author's humour often suggests to him his wit, and gives it a very particular cast; for, from a humourous view of an object, he finds out extremely odd and uncommon

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resemblances;

resemblances; and I shall quote one paragraph, though a long one, which, I think, will support my opinion. “The most accomplished way of
 “using books at present is two-fold; either, first,
 “to serve them as men do lords, learn their titles
 “exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or,
 “secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the pro-
 “founder, and politer method, to get a thorough
 “insight into the index, by which the whole book
 “is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail.
 “For, to enter the palace of learning at the great
 “gate requires an expence of time and forms;
 “therefore men of much haste and little ceremony
 “are content to get in by the back-door.—Thus
 “men catch knowledge by throwing their wit upon
 “the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows by
 “flinging salt on their tail. Thus are sciences
 “found like Hercules’s oxen, by tracing them
 “backwards. Thus are old sciences unraveled
 “like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.”
 —Here twenty witty resemblances arise from a
 humourous view of acquiring knowledge by the
 Index.

This author has a most happy talent at banter, or ridicule, which is a very extensive kind of humour, and is rendering an object ludicrous, by attributing to it qualities the reverse to those it actually possesses. But a great delicacy is required, to prevent

prevent it being trite, and consequently insipid. What is in every one's power to execute never meets with applause in the execution; and as nothing is more easy than a plain banter, the poignancy is worn off in being handled by every one. To render it therefore agreeable, and to give a genuine edge, it must be either sharpened by wit, or, not appearing to be the end in view, must be shaded off, and left to the imagination to find out. The dedication to Prince Posterity is throughout a strain of banter, which would have been little more than insipid, had the author only in a sneering manner attributed wit, parts, politeness, and profound erudition to his contemporaries; but he was too great a master of his weapon to handle it in so common a manner: he gives a newness to his subject by allegory, and makes his banter indirect, by an accusation against Time, the governor of Prince Posterity, who, with an inveterate malice, he declares, devours all the productions of that learned, witty, and polite age, intent only to keep his highness in universal ignorance of their studies.

From the instances produced, I think it plainly appears, that the objects of humour and laughter are the same. Whenever, therefore, they cease to be the one, they likewise cease to be the other. But from an ambiguity in appearance we are taken into a laugh by a kind of surprize, which ambiguity
upon

upon reflection soon vanishes; for judgement steps in, unmasks the object, and knows it for what it really is. This is the reason the same object of humour must not dwell long upon the imagination, but, to preserve the humour, must be quickly shifted for some other. Thus the solemn and grave manner of treating trivial subjects, which is a species of humour, requires great dexterity to render it spirited; otherwise we shall soon separate the subject from the manner, and, with the judicious Cervantes, quickly dismantle Sancho of his government robes.

It is an observation, and I believe a just one, that we no where so frequently meet with a set of mortals called *Humourists*, as in our own nation. The security of our properties is not the only blessing we possess under a free government; we likewise enjoy a full power to exercise our reason, and, what to many is yet more flattering, to indulge our opinions, and even prejudices. Thus the mind not being shackled by a slavish submission to any authority whatever, most men think for themselves, and live according to the bent of their own humour. To this freedom of thinking and acting, that variety of *Humourists*, which so remarkably distinguishes this country, is principally owing.

However, barely to pursue the natural bent of temper is by no means a sufficient mark that the person is a *Humourist*. For there is a certain cast of mind, as well as turn of features, which distinguishes

guishes one man from another, and forms his particular character; according to which cast every sensible man will direct his actions, still managing the bias with a prudent regard to the ground he is to pass over. But should he, from any prejudice in opinions, wilfully neglect the circumstance of place, or, from too great an indulgence, so increase the bias as to carry him out of the common road, he then commences Humourist; and, however contrary to reason, obstinately keeps his way. Morose, in “The Silent Woman,” is a character of this kind highly coloured, who, from his great antipathy to noise, would, as far as in him lay, annihilate all sound, and reduce his whole species to mutes, even in a country where liberty of speech is our inherent right.

As this class of characters is denoted by the name of *Humourists*, from thence perhaps the talent to draw and expose them in a striking light has been called *Humour*. But, whether this conjecture be well or ill founded, they are certainly very proper objects for the exercise of this talent. For, as a wise man considers the circumstances of time, place, and incidents, and accordingly shapes his course; a Humourist, on the contrary, whatever obstacle stands in his way, perversely bears forward, and is a virtuosi-ship, which sails against wind and tide.

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This character, however, is not the only sort proper for *humour*; but to attempt to point out the several kinds, would be to enter upon a calculation, "*in how many different ways folly may be combined with the human mind*;" a calculation which, I fear, will puzzle even De Moivre. It is sufficient for my purpose to observe, that, when humour takes-off a character, it is by marking the ambiguities or contrasts in it.

As nothing entertains more than a character drawn with humour; so, when mixed with a strain of humour of another sort, it greatly relieves the imagination, and, by introducing a variety, prevents the fatigue that arises from the constant solicitation of one sort of object. An instance of which we have in the Freeholder I have already quoted. Had the author, in that paper, only presented the glaring ambiguity in the appearance of the masqueraders, we should have been tired with the uniformity, and dazzled with a constant glare: but he was aware of this, and prevents the dazzle, by a mixture of a more shaded humour in the character of his fox-hunter, whom he, both upon this and a former occasion, describes as a person something apt to form rash judgements from pre-conceived prejudices.

Reason always makes one part of the composition in our complex idea of man. Whenever, therefore,

fore, it ceases to appear in its own native dress of truth, and, cloathed with false opinions and prejudices, puts on the masque of folly, it becomes ambiguous. But as in many characters reason does not form the most striking part of the composition, the mask may be on, and we only catch a glimpse of it. This is the case of our fox-hunter, whose rational faculty seems removed a little out of view, and the glaring humour of the paper is thus varied by a shaded one, which arises from his false and prejudiced judgements upon the objects he sees. The following passage will be a proper illustration :

“ The next that shewed herself was a female
 “ Quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear
 “ licking his lips, and saying to the mob about
 “ him, *'Tis ten thousand pities she is not a Church-*
 “ *woman!* The Quaker was followed by half a
 “ dozen nuns, who filed off one after another up
 “ Catharine-street, to their respective convents in
 “ Drury-lane. The squire, observing the pre-
 “ ciseness of their dress, began now to imagine,
 “ after all, that this was a nest of sectaries; and was
 “ confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a Conjuror,
 “ whom he guessed to be the holder-forth.”

The paper concludes with the catastrophe of the squire, who loses his purse and his almanack :
 “ And though,” says our author, “ it is no wonder
 “ such a trick should be played him by some of the

“ curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his
 “ head, but that it was a cardinal who picked his
 “ pocket, and that this cardinal was a Presbyterian
 “ in disguise.”

Here, in the very same sentence, we have both kinds of humour: the squire's prepossession that no one but a Presbyterian could pick his pocket, and the contrast-image of a Cardinal sectary. Thus we frequently meet in a paragraph two or three species of humour thrown together, which, though essentially the same, like a cut diamond, reflect various lustres.

This author, to whom I have so often referred, is remarkable for a natural and delicate humour, which arises from a choice of characters, where the foible proceeds from a bent of disposition not always directed by reason, nay sometimes from such a disposition as makes us love the character whilst we smile at the foibles. Of this kind is Sir Roger de Coverley's; and surely that humour is delicate, that heals as it cuts!

The direct opposite to this natural humour are Shakespeare's fools, who are assumed characters of the poets, not of Nature's formation. Jaques, in “ As you like it,” gives us the receipt how to form them, when he says,

“ I am ambitious of a motley coat,
 “ Provided that you weed your better judgements
 “ Of

“ Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
 “ That I am wise. I must have liberty
 “ Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 “ To blow on whom I please; for so have fools.”

Thus satire is couched under the appearance of folly; and the Poet's humour is just, though the character is not natural. Shakespeare, who is always happy in his attempts, has exerted his whole power of humour in the character of Sir John Falstaff. Nor can I describe this character so well as in the Knight's own words: “ The brain of this foolish-
 “ compounded clay-man is not able to invent any
 “ thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent,
 “ or is invented on me. I am not only witty in
 “ myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.”
 —Here we have in the same character both the objects of laughter, and humour to play them off.

An author frequently diversifies his humour by taking on a character. This is done in the *Tale of a Tub*, and the humour always increases in proportion to the number of different kinds that enter into the composition. But it would run this essay to too great a length, should I attempt to be particular upon each species; I shall therefore only observe, that the first and principal division is into the strong and direct, where the contrast is glaring; and into the more delicate and removed, where the contrast is, as it were, shaded, and left to the imagination to bring to view.

As I have not hitherto given any illustrations from our Poets, my readers will not be displeased to see some from one of our best satirists * :

- “ Bathillus, in the winter of three-score,
 “ *Belies his innocence*, and keeps a *whore* :
 “ Absence of mind Brebantio turns to fame,
 “ *Learns to mistake*, nor knows his brother's name;
 “ Has words and thoughts in *nice disorder set*,
 “ And takes a *memorandum* to *forget* :
 “ Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
 “ Men *forge the patents*, that *create them sots*.”

Here the contrast stares us full in the face ; but in the following lines, where, talking of the love of praise, he says :

- “ Nor ends with life, but nods in fable plumes,
 “ Adorns our hearse, and flatters in our tombs.”

The glaring contrast is removed, and imagination finishes the picture of a dead man, who exults in the pomp of his own funeral, and feels flattery in the grave.

I shall conclude this essay with an observation, that amongst the Ancients the symbol for the satiric or humourous kind of writing was a mixed figure, half man and half goat. Whether by this they meant to express the nature of humour, I will not say ; but think I may fairly conclude, that when an object makes a break from its own nature or character, to run to another, a laugh catches it, and it becomes the subject of humour.

* Dr. Young.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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